

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 22, 1941

WHO'S WHO

LEONARD BALDWIN is a name that conceals an identity. Because there are such things as purges in Soviet Russia and reprisals in Nazi Germany, writers in the United States may not wish to chance possible hurt upon their relatives in the dictatorships. The gentleman, however, has lived in Russia, and has personally experienced a Soviet aggression. He knows Stalin's stealthy mind and the Marxist world-revolution doctrine. . . . H. C. MCGINNIS, at our request, has added another article to his series of four, in an endeavor to classify the varied groups of discontented people who are caught up by the cult of Rutherford's Witnesses. . . . WILLIAM J. SMITH, S.J., balances off his article of last week, in favor of the labor unions, by a good word in favor of management. Being director of a labor school, he admits, makes him more lenient to the unionists. . . . JOHN LAFARGE, associate editor, offers another comprehensive, yet profound, inquiry into the elements that must be included in the new world order that is evolving. . . . GEORGE STREATOR is a well-known colored journalist. At one time, he was the editor of *The Messenger*, Negro Socialist journal, and later was manager of *The Crisis*, organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. . . . CHARLES A. BRADY, literature professor at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y., specialized in Gaelic literature in his post-graduate work at Harvard. . . . A BLUNDER occurred in several thousand copies of last week's issue. To correct it: substitute column two for column one on page 626.

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COMMENT

CONGRESS passed the Lend-Lease bill and the President signed it on March 12. It was an historic day, editorial writers, columnists and commentators declared grandiosely. All was done in our traditional, democratic fashion, and there can be no further complaint or criticism. As noted in these columns previously, the vibrant voices of our national leaders have been raised, on schedule, to appeal for whole-hearted and enthusiastic unity of purpose and of action. The bill is operating as law. Five minutes after it was signed, the President approved of the transfer of war material from the Army and Navy stores to England and democratic Greece. One day later, the Budget Director, Harold D. Smith, presented to President Roosevelt, and President Roosevelt presented to Congress, an estimate of the amount of money immediately necessary to carry out the provisions of the Lend-Lease bill, the sum of seven billions of dollars. All the things this money will buy—aircraft, vessels, tanks, food, etc.—must be shipped across an ocean. Our determination to manufacture these goods for war purposes demands our equal determination to transport these goods of war to the war areas, across the ocean. Interference with such shipments by the Nazis must be interpreted as a hostile Nazi act. And the United States cannot brook such interference, by Germany or any other nation. And so, the United States will be obliged to act. We shall fight, as the Senators would say, to defend ourselves against the aggressor. By that time, ninety per cent of the American people will have forgotten that there had been a Lend-Lease bill. They will be for an all-out war.

SUBSURFACE agencies are preparing to start a new campaign of the Spanish Civil War in the United States. The roots for a smear drive are already planted, and the poisonous weeds, producing hate, will be available at the moment they are needed. Those who aided the Loyalists and abetted the Communists in Spain have never forgiven General Franco and the Nationalists for winning the civil war. They await the chance to strike back at the present Government in Spain. Indications are plentiful in the news item published by the newspapers and the "information" purveyed by radio commentators. They await the day when they can shriek that Franco and Spain have gone over to Hitler. They are irked that Franco has taken such a strong stand to keep Spain out of the British-Nazi war. But they are so eager to smash Franco and Spain that they plan to take the initiative against Spain, even while Spain maintains its integrity. Prominent Americans who supported the Spanish Loyalists-Communists are ready to back, publicly, the anti-Spanish campaign. The opening

attack will, probably, be against the influence exercised by Spain over the Spanish-American Republics. It will, most likely, be charged that this age-old Spanish link between the mother country and Spanish America is a menace to hemisphere defense. Investigations will be demanded, it seems now, as to Spanish agents in all of South America. Then, by a manipulation, the inference will be drawn to Spanish influences in the United States. Following this, through the devious ways of intrigue and smear-technique, the finger will be pointed at those in the United States who have been identified with support of the Nationalist cause in the civil war from 1936 till 1939. As yet, this festers beneath the surface; but some reputedly respectable Americans will never forgive Spain for saving her soul.

SHORT-CUTS to knowledge and culture are popular today. Digests of various kinds abound; you can learn the piano in a dozen lessons or a foreign language by simply listening to a disc. We have always thought that there is no easy road to knowledge. And some of these easy roads are dangerous. Book-lists, for example, are often blind and erring guides. We had occasion recently to write what we hope was a good-natured letter to a certain publisher, pointing out that it was not fair to advertise a list of religious books for Lenten reading with no indication that the selections were entirely non-Catholic. We pointed out that not a few Catholics might thereby be fooled into purchasing the books, to their no little harm, especially as many of the selections were definitely non-Christian. The publishers were very honest about it, and guaranteed that any future list would bear a title that would indicate its real nature. That our fear was warranted gets confirmation in at least one instance, for a recent letter, written apparently by a Catholic, states that one of these books has been purchased, and says that "our bridge club plans to read it during Lent." We only hope that the reading of Rall's *Christianity* by the bridge club will not weaken their faith in, among other things, the Pontifex, the Bridge-BUILDER between Time and Eternity. Do you blame us if we bear a banner with a sane device: Beware Booklists?

A YOUTH, arrested in New York for the murder of a woman, demonstrated to detectives how his fingers reached for her throat and stifled her outcries. In another field of activity, signs multiply that official fingers are reaching for the throat of the free press. With the radio and the news reels already under remote but effective control, the press furnishes the only channel still open through which

undiluted information may be pumped to the American people. But the cries of the free press may soon be stilled. Referring to the bill now before Congress, requesting annual appropriations of \$1,500,000 for the Office of Government Reports, Senator Clark, of Missouri, declared the measure was designed to "implement censorship and there is no doubt about it." The Senator added that Lowell Mellett, head of this bureau, "has said privately that the Government is already authorized under the war-time espionage act to establish rigid government control over avenues of information. All that is needed is enough money and, under this bill, that would be made available." The fluttering attitude of columnists toward the Lend-Lease bill provided a preview of the one-tune chorus the press will be playing when full censorship arrives. Mark Sullivan, for example, started out by opposing the measure, then began backing water and favoring it. Paul Mallon, after intimating that everything the opponents of the bill said was true, asserted the measure was nevertheless necessary under the circumstances. The word *facility* in the Lend-Lease bill furnishes another device whereby the press may be muzzled. All in all, no one will be greatly surprised if, in the not distant future, the press will be found saying "Move over" to the radio and the news reels.

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NAZI atrocities in Poland are sufficiently appalling without need of embroidery. Catholic Bishops and priests have been particular objects of maltreatment. Churches have been ruthlessly closed, save for limited exceptions and brief periods. It is reported that in western Poland 3,000 Polish priests were either imprisoned or deported, also that the Germans have issued orders prohibiting confessions in the Polish language. These and similar matters have either been factually verified or are entirely consistent with verifiable facts. But a very considerable question-mark arises in the mind when we read in Raymond Clapper's column in the *New York World Telegram* for March 5: "They have introduced the 'absent treatment' by German priests who grant mass blanket absolution without hearing confessions." Outside of extraordinary circumstances, no priest could attempt to grant such an absolution (which would be invalid) without committing mortal sin and violating his own priesthood. In view of the ecclesiastic correctness maintained throughout by the German clergy in their ministrations, such an idea appears preposterous. If we may hazard a very simple explanation in default of further information, this legend may have arisen from a response recently published by the Sacred Apostolic Penitentiary in Rome giving the very precise conditions under which, during a battle "being imminent or begun" and confession being morally impossible, collective absolution may be imparted to those who are disposed to receive it: "the obligation remaining afterwards to make, when possible, the sacramental confession of the sins in due integrity." Further information is desirable about confession in German Poland.

THANKLESS is the task set before the expert when he is called upon to review a best-seller that deals with his own specialty. The expert's job is to discover and observe things as they are. If he is an explorer he travels to the ends of the earth, talks with innumerable individuals, checks upon data and theories, and is most cautious where appears greatest opportunity for sensationalism. The publisher, on the other hand, is out for the sales and nothing sells like sensation. Nothing pulls like romantic stories of supposed exotic vices and smutty folkways of distant peoples. This is a profitable and eminently safe procedure. Nobody in Inner Mongolia or the Congo, or on the shores of Baffin Bay is going to write in, next week, to the *New York Times* and complain of race prejudice and maligning of minority groups. It is quite possible that not a single soul on Phelps Inlet will purchase *Kabloona*. Book-of-the-Month selections go slow in the Arctic Circle, despite limitless leisure facilities of polar nights. Father Hubbard's review, in this issue, of this latest specimen in the field of exotica will teach something to the readers of AMERICA. It happens to be an expert talking and happily this is an expert whose voice is wider and more gratefully heard than that of the great majority of scientists. We have suggested to Father Hubbard that he organize some time a Publishers' Day in the Arctic. But let the Eskimo know well to what publishers they are talking.

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WE have received the following touching communication from a mother of a family. We have never met the lady, but believe we have encountered several of her relatives. The post-mark, somewhat blurred, appears to be Winsted, Conn.

Dear Editors: As a mother of several sets of quadruplets and a potential and prized contributor to the nation's fur industry, I feel moved to protest against the use of my name in connection with certain salacious reading matter that is being widely advertised in convenient, salable form in the leading newspapers of this country. Association of my person with these publications is founded solely upon a false and to me highly derogatory analogy with certain protective functions which, in the interests of personal safety and the welfare of my family, I am obliged under certain circumstances to exercise. While I admit that distress is caused to fastidious humans by the excessive pungency of my propinquity (pardon the alliteration), I frankly refuse to admit that this phenomenon can in any way be compared with the malodorous emanations that penetrate to the minds and senses of those who peruse the aforesaid publications, nor the putrid moral condition of those who espouse them. Let me add in explanation that I am generally known by a stage or pen-name of five letters. Using my proper and honorable title, I beg leave to sign myself

Very truly yours,

Mephitis Mephitica.

We believe that our readers will grant the pertinence, indeed, the pungency of these remarks. We feel apologies are due to self-respecting skunks and their attractive little families for any comparisons made between their peaceful occupations and the odors arising from mass promotion of pornographic literature.

SO many legends afflict the memory of the world's greatest violinist, Nicolò Paganini, that a few anti-clerical stones can be thrown in for good measure. Soviet anti-religious publications have been taking the occasion of the recent centenary of Paganini's death to tell how the priests kept his embalmed body from finding a grave after his death; how during life he spurned a Papal decoration; how the clergy ruined his glorious violin by insisting it be plunged into holy water to be exorcised of the Devil. The latest issue of *Osservatore Romano* to arrive here explodes these picturesque fictions. Paganini was refused Christian burial, apparently by a misunderstanding as to his genuine repentance, but Rome itself aided in his reinstatement. As for the Papal decoration, he respectfully begged for it and prized it highly when accorded.

ACCORDING to the Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J., national director of Children's Sodalities, there are now 2,570 children's Sodalities in the United States. There are 1,514 girls' Sodalities, 200 boys' and 856 boys' and girls'.

WITH a Solemn Mass in the Sistine Chapel, the second anniversary of the coronation of Pope Pius XII was celebrated on March 12. Said Archbishop Spellman, of New York, preaching in Washington on that day: "When the Pope's noble efforts for peace failed and the storm clouds burst with the rain and the hail and the havoc of war, His Holiness dedicated himself to the mitigation of its tragic results. Nothing has deterred him from the fulfillment of his mission as the Vicar of the Prince of Peace."

THOUGH we received them almost daily, AMERICA could make little direct use of the editorials composed by the late Dr. Charles Stelzle, founder of the New York Labor Temple, a Presbyterian clergyman who was an indefatigable organizer and special writer for many years to the labor and the non-Catholic religious press. Nevertheless, it was encouraging that Dr. Stelzle so consistently preached the ideal, so frequently proclaimed in great Catholic pronouncements on labor questions, of Christ the Master Workman, of the religious basis of social justice. Dr. Stelzle was born in 1869 in dire poverty in the New York Bowery. He was a remarkable example of a man who, under the influence of a religious ideal, could create a long and useful life out of the experiences of his childhood.

LATEST Census Bureau book-publishing figures, covering 1939, reveal the Bible as still America's best seller. The annual output of Bibles, Testaments and parts of the Bible published in separate covers was 7,927,848 in 1939, as compared with 5,579,317 in 1937. Most extraordinary is the rapidity of this growth. For earlier census years, Bibles published were: 591,173 in 1935; 666,448 in 1933; and 1,376,680 in 1931. The publication of fiction in 1939 showed a corresponding decline. There were 13,511,181 volumes of fiction issued in 1939, compared with 25,454,135 in 1937. Comparing these two

years, increase in non-fiction was shown only in books on history, science and technology, reference; also in bluebooks, directories, etc. All other subjects listed showed a decline, including biography, travel, etc. Except for books of reference, books on religion and philosophy were most numerous: 6,413,606 in 1939, slightly less than 1937.

FOR the last week of Lent, releases of the transcribed program of the radio drama, *The Living God*, are being arranged by the National Council of Catholic Men, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. The NCCM produced the drama annually since 1938. The script was written in French by Cita and Suzanne Mallard in 1933, when Pedro de Cordoba rendered the Voice of Christ over the NBC's red network. A cast of Hollywood screen and radio stars recently completed the transcription of the present version. Supporting roles were played by students of the Immaculate Heart College and Loyola University in that city.

CHAPEL cars and chapel trailers accomplish such remarkable results in bringing the consolations of religion to outlying districts in this country that other countries are readily following suit. Despite the handicaps placed upon religion in the Reich, the Catholic Church in Germany has constructed thirty-eight "motorized churches" with which priests can travel into the most distant corners of the country, bringing the Mass and the Sacraments to the smallest villages that cannot afford a church. Five such automobiles, it is said, are operating in Bavaria, and ten more are being constructed to be used by the Chaplains for the armed forces. Incidentally, Pastor Niemoeller has issued a final and definite denial that he has joined the Catholic Church.

ZEALOUS French Catholic laymen, immediately prior to the war, devised a simple plan for bringing the Church's ministry to places not provided with a resident priest. The places in question were in the industrial region of Northern France, near Lille, Roubaix and such cities. A group of laymen who owned automobiles—business men, industrialists, etc.—was formed, and on Sunday morning each of them took a priest to an outlying post and back in his own machine. The point that the group prided itself on was its absolute regularity and reliability. Snow, rain, storm never hindered the presence of each driver at his allotted post, nor were vacations allowed to interfere. The plan came to a stop only with the German invasion of occupied France.

INQUIRIES are frequent as to the fate of the Jociste (J. O. C., *Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne*) or Young Christian Workers' movement in France under present circumstances. According to the N.C.W.C. News Service, the movement and its publication, *La Jeunesse Ouvrière*, are still progressing. The organization has about 135,000 members and is providing temporary homes of leave-centers for youth from the occupied areas who are in the Free Zone as soldiers or as workmen.

STALIN PLAYS WITH HITLER AND FOOLS WITH DEMOCRACIES

LEONARD BALDWIN

THINGS are going to move fast again, bringing stormy spring weather to the Balkans. There is now no way of predicting what exactly is going to happen and who else will be finally involved. The big question mark is Turkey.

But once again there arises the cardinal question what Soviet Russia is going to do about it. The Nazi occupation of the Balkan area is most certainly not welcomed by the Kremlin. It is, indeed, significant that Russia, for the first time since this war started, has officially protested against a move of its Nazi partner. The protest, however, has been launched not against guilty Germany but against victimized Bulgaria. Some wishful thinkers have come out in the open with the theory that Soviet Russia is now on the verge of swinging away from Nazi Germany to the side of Great Britain. But there are still commentators who stick to the belief that the Kremlin just the same will remain a fully qualified, although for the time being silent, partner of the Axis.

Why did it happen that Nazism and Bolshevism could agree on a mutual pledge of friendship and non-aggression just before the start of the second World War? Why did not Stalin avail himself of the given opportunity to line up with the Western democracies in order to crush Nazism for good? The reason for this conduct was certainly fear of the Nazi military might on the one hand and Russia's unwillingness to serve the cause of the democracies on the other.

The Bolshevik revolution under Lenin started with a challenge to the social and political order of the world, and Lenin got away with it because the capitalistic countries were exhausted, undetermined, and did not understand the real meaning of what was going on in Russia. Soviet Russia did find a friend in defeated democratic Germany. The two losers of the war allied themselves in Rapallo.

But the situation changed when Hitler came to the top in Germany. He crushed the strong Communistic movement in his own country, and he then unleashed his furious verbal crusade against world Communism and the Soviet regime itself. For Stalin it was logical to turn from Rapallo to Geneva. Through Soviet Russia's entry into the League of Nations and Litvinov's policy of collective security the Kremlin for a while came into the lead in international affairs. It looked as if there could never be any approach and understanding between Nazism and Bolshevism. This seemingly

iron doctrine has fooled and misled the foreign policy of the democracies for years, until the blow of the German-Russian non-aggression pact overthrew all previous calculations.

The wholesale purges of the Old Bolsheviks and of nearly all prominent Soviet Generals in 1937 amazed the world, but apparently did not open the eyes of the democratic politicians, although the purges revealed that negotiations between the general staff of Germany and Soviet Russia had been carried on for quite a long time. This certainly did not happen without the consent and full knowledge of Stalin. It was the exiled Soviet secret-service agent Krivitsky who disclosed the inside story of Stalin's mind months before the understanding between Nazi Germany and Bolshevik Russia was formally sealed in the pact of August, 1939. Krivitsky revealed the then amazing fact that Stalin, while officially promoting Geneva and collective security, and boasting of the strength and preparedness of the Red Army, secretly and very persistently had sought the friendship of Hitler, whom he admired and feared at the same time. Krivitsky's revelations did not attract at that time the proper attention of the general public. But he himself, as is known, subsequently had to pay with his life for having known too much.

After Manchukuo and Ethiopia had already stripped the League of Nations of its last prestige, Munich was the final testing point of the Soviet-democratic policy of collective security. But it did not stand the test.

The Soviet Government, defending its swing toward Nazi Germany, blamed the appeasement policy of Chamberlain and Daladier for the failure of the Franco-Soviet alliance and the collapse of collective security. Litvinov, of course, could easily boast that the Soviet Union at the time of the Munich crisis was determined to stick to its treaty obligations with France and Czecho-Slovakia. If there remained the benefit of doubt on the other side, there has been no striking evidence to prove the opposite. It must be admitted that the cards for the big international game were stacked more in favor of the Soviet Union before Munich than after this blow to the prestige of Britain and France, and after the grab of Czecho-Slovakia had tremendously strengthened Germany's strategical position in the East.

Is it, then, a wonder that the Kremlin, well aware of the defects of the purged Red Army and the

Soviet economy, and after Munich had revealed the unpreparedness and indetermination of Britain and France, refused to believe in the ability of the democracies to save the Soviet Union from a possible destruction by the German war machine? Russia's accusation that the Western powers attempted to direct the German expansion toward the Soviet Union and the East in order to relieve the West from the German pressure is, of course, without any foundation, as long as the ambiguity of the Soviet phraseology is not considered. Britain and France, on the contrary, saved Bolshevism once more by preventing Nazi Germany from launching its frequently indicated military crusade against the Ukraine, by engaging with Germany's war machine themselves. When, after the German pressure on Poland and the British guarantee of the integrity of Poland, war became inevitable in Hitler's opinion, the Soviet Union must have realized that Russia would have to stand the first and heaviest blows of the Nazi steam-roller, and this under most unfavorable conditions. The Westwall was nearly completed, and Poland persistently refused to give passage to the Red Army. Hitler, instead, had to offer not only peace and security for the Soviet Union, but he could also invite Stalin generously to help himself to nearly all the territories which had belonged to the Russian empire before the Bolshevik revolution.

Stalin's signing up with Hitler, thus giving the signal for Germany's onslaught on Poland, should at last have liberated world opinion from the illusion that the Soviet Union is the peace-loving country Litvinov successfully made us believe. If this is not enough proof, let us remember how the Red Army stabbed bleeding Poland in the back, how it attacked peaceful Finland, and how it grabbed the Baltic countries and Bessarabia. What does this action prove? It proves, if anything, that the Kremlin prefers the easy way of success, not being eager to risk a real war but anxious to embrace any weak nation in its proletarian grip. It is, by the way, one of the paradoxes of the German-Russian "friendship" that all territories which the Kremlin has newly acquired are essential for the defense of the Soviet Union against its Nazi partner.

There hardly can be any doubt about the subtlety, shrewdness and consistency of Stalin's foreign policy, after the Kremlin proved how it managed to keep the Soviet Union out of any danger-spot and helped it to pick up and collect a number of valuable territories. But this is only one side of the picture. Stalin's ambitions are far too big in order to be satisfied with mere security and a peaceful existence. Stalin inherited Lenin's conception of the inevitability of a world-wide social revolution, and this is one doctrine of Bolshevism which has not and never will be thrown overboard.

Notwithstanding remarkable achievements in the industrialization of the backward agrarian country which Russia was under the Tsars, in spite of rosy paintings of Soviet statistics, Russia is still far behind in production of commodities, in transport facilities, efficiency of labor and in the general level of civilization. That is why the Soviet Union

cannot afford to face Germany on the battlefield, not even in coalition with Great Britain. Britain might and probably will win the war, but the Soviet Union possibly would perish if it contracted a military alliance with Britain, just as Tsarist Russia collapsed in the last war.

So it is fear and not friendship which restrains the Kremlin in its relations with the Axis. When Germany signed the non-aggression pact with the Soviet Union, it was announced that both parties had reached a complete agreement on all questions of vital importance. But subsequent frictions and clashes of interests, especially in the Balkan question, and heavy concentration of troops on both sides of the German-Russian frontier are evidence of anything else but mutual trust. It is merely the sense for political and military realities which forms the cement of the present Soviet-Nazi relations and the basis of the present Soviet policy.

Let us be sure that the same considerations which form the basis of Stalin's relations with Nazi Germany are bound to cast their somber shadow over the relations of the Soviet Union with the democracies. It might be a clever policy in the present war emergency to seek the friendship and whatever cooperation is available of the Soviets. But there should be no misunderstanding and no mistake in judgment as far as the ultimate aims of Moscow are concerned.

The Kremlin has always maintained a pathological fear of a possible general coalition of the capitalistic world against the Soviet Union. But this is exactly what never happened. Except for some weak and half-hearted attempts of intervention and a certain financial blockade maintained against Soviet Russia by distrustful bankers in the earlier years of the Soviet revolution, the Soviet Union was given practically every opportunity of a peaceful development of its new social order. The real menace occurred only when Hitler came to power; but this menace to the Soviet Union thus far had been checked by exactly those democratic powers which for years had played their part in the nightmare of Soviet imagination.

The existence of the Soviet Union, on the contrary, has always been safeguarded by disagreement and severe conflicts among the other great Powers. If the new social order of the Soviets still does not work as smoothly in practice as it sounds good in theory and Soviet propaganda, something, no doubt, must have gone wrong. And it is this "something" or, in other words, some weakness in the Soviet system itself which thus far has preserved the capitalistic world from being overthrown by the world revolution.

Is there anybody wise enough to forecast what will happen after the war?

It is the hope of all really democratic minds that Nazism will be destroyed. But does this mean that by this all our troubles will be over as long as Bolshevism remains in good health? May we not better make up our minds and accustom ourselves to the probability that the future world will look somehow different from what we have seen in the good old days?

WHO ARE THE HOLY CRUSADERS JOINING JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES?

H. C. McGINNIS

ONE acquainted with Jehovah's witnesses is frequently asked questions like these: What kind of person becomes a witness and why? What is it in the doctrine of Rutherford that gains so much support? Why have the witnesses a holy-crusade hysteria? Why can't these poor dupes put two and two together to see Rutherford in his true light?

The explanation would be simple if each question could be completely answered by a single statement, but that is not the case. The answer to each question has many angles, for all witnesses are not motivated by the same reasons. However, practically all witnesses can be placed into three classes: the bigoted and intolerant; the ignorant and, consequently, the superstitious; and those economically and socially oppressed people who sadly lack previous spiritual discipline and religious training to guide them through their difficulties.

Although the witness doctrine breeds bigotry and intolerance, that faction which become witnesses because of Rutherford's doctrine of intolerance comes from that part of our population which, if Jehovah's witnesses had never been incorporated, would be part of some other national nuisance. This group has been with us since the nation's birth; there has always been a group which has been a distinct pain in the neck to decent thinking people and a wart on the spirit of national advancement. Scarcely had the Constitution been signed when certain Americans began to prove they did not understand the idea behind America by refusing to Europe's unfortunates that asylum so recently acquired by themselves. For some unfathomable reason this rabid intolerance was voiced against all nationalities and succeeded in insulting all foreigners who had come to make free America their new home.

By 1835 this intolerance had become organized as the American Party or the Know-Nothings, as they were aptly called. The Know-Nothings concentrated upon persecuting Irish immigrants and finally included all American Catholics, against whom they instigated mob violence and rioting, which resulted in the burning of several churches. When this notorious party ceased to exist, its members could not be satisfied without an outlet for their intolerance; so the next two decades were filled with countless acts of petty intolerance under various guises, the perpetrators praying constantly for a leader to reorganize them and conduct them into a promised land where hatred and big-

otry could reign as the most important end of man.

In 1876, "Pastor" Russell answered their anguish by organizing the Russellites. For the next forty years Russell, whose prolific pen produced documents with the wholesale thoroughness of a mammoth incubator, preached bigotry and intolerance. His utterances were extremely satisfactory to the descendants of the Know-Nothings, for Russell specialized in making most uncalled for attacks against the Catholic Church. Russell's crusade, together with various subsidiary movements which tried to cash in along with him, finally resulted in waves of unbridled hysteria and lawlessness which became the Ku Klux Klan. The Ku Kluxers reached their peak in 1923-24, but much of the value of their rapid disintegration thereafter was spoiled by "Judge" Rutherford, who organized his witnesses in 1925 to catch the falling torch and afford a new haven for such of its members who still found it necessary to be both intolerant and superstitious. Exchanging the white bedsheets and the mummery of the Klan for the imaginary white robes and the twisted thinking of those who do "the strange work," they continued to rant against and hate everyone and everything not of themselves.

Today's witnesses, however, are not all ex-Klansmen; nor are all ex-Klansmen witnesses, for even most of the former Klansmen cannot stomach the preachings of the "Judge." So this great prophet then looked to the ignorant and the superstitious for his next batch of recruits. Fortunately for the Rutherford treasury, the ignorant and superstitious are legion. The "Judge" has added thousands of followers from those cults which insist their preachers allow themselves to be bitten by copperheads during the preaching to prove their faith in their conception of God and from among those congregations whose exhorters swallow strychnine during the services to make a bow to death, while the worshipers go through all kinds of weird incantations to bring the rigid, staring-eyed body back to normalcy. Of course, these operations are always successes, even though the patient frequently dies; the death being caused, according to the worshipers, from a bad case of back-sliding on the part of the leader. This country has many small, independent sects whose chief stock in trade is superstition, a superstition induced by too much amateur theology in some of the larger sects from which they have sprung.

American history is liberally sprinkled with in-

stances in which groups of fanatics have sold or given away all their earthly possessions and then repaired to a graveyard or hilltop to await, that night, the end of the world. Despite the sad disillusionments of the previous end-of-the-worlders, the latest group is always most positive in their convictions, totally misreading, through a crude theology, the symbolism of some scriptural passage which actually refers to something much different. Rutherford, with his Armageddon right around the corner, has gathered into his fold many of those who insist upon deciding for God just when He wants things done.

The entire Rutherford doctrine appeals to the superstitious. The very fact that his doctrine calls for no churches and no formal worship leads his followers to believe that everything they do has a direct connection with the supernatural, since no material evidences of their worship exist. About the only material evidence of their belief the witnesses ever see is the hundreds of books and pamphlets their leader sends them to sell; for outside of hating, the only requirement is witnessing, which does not consist of spoken personal testimonies but solely the peddling of Rutherford's books. Even the "Judge's" almost total seclusion from his followers causes them to believe he partakes somewhat of a ghostly spirit.

But even the intolerant and the superstitious do not account for Rutherford's amazing gains in the past few years. His largest number of recent recruits comes from that class of people which stands as a glaring indictment against this nation: that ever growing group of those who suffer from chronic unemployment and economic as well as social injustices. The southern and western sharecropper, the Okies, the increasing hordes of agricultural and industrial migratory work-seekers from all over the country who, families trailing along, go from State to State seeking the right and place to earn a living, the unemployed who fill the city slums—all form fertile fields for the "Judge" to sow.

Here another determining factor enters the picture. Our nation's steady trend toward paganism in the past few years and that fifty per cent or more of our people who have had very little spiritual training or else none at all make this class poorly equipped spiritually to weather the hardships of injustice, and so make them excellent prospects for a doctrine which promises eternal glory without even dying to get it. In vain have these unfortunates turned time after time to their political leaders and to that society to which they belong and often to their churches, piteously pleading for a natural justice which is the inherent right of every one of God's children. With door after door slammed in their faces, they grab eagerly at a doctrine which promises them an almost immediate Armageddon, after which they will lead the life of Riley for centuries eternal. For, says Rutherford again and again: "Millions now living shall never die!"

Imagine the sweetness of this proposition to those who have lost hope for betterment on earth.

These people gladly take part in a holy crusade to achieve this promised bliss; for they find that outside of peddling hundreds of books and pamphlets and denying themselves a portion of their already meager earnings to make frequent contributions, according to Rutherford, the only price required is to help God hate unceasingly everything He has made except Jehovah's witnesses. The tolerant newcomers find it not too hard to join their already intolerant brothers whose natures require their being constantly on the warpath in a campaign of hate against something. The superstitious find something very alluring and extremely supernatural about being God's chosen helpers in the destruction of all religions, all governments, all organized industry and commerce, and all man-made institutions.

The fact that Rutherford is never too definite in his pronouncements makes their new belief all the more mysterious and therefore more appealing to their unbalanced minds. The spiritually undisciplined, knowing little or nothing about the true teachings of Christ concerning the relation of man to his God and to his world, accept ignorantly Rutherford's doctrine that true Christianity means the hating and destruction of everything except the witnesses.

All these groups forming Jehovah's witnesses enter into their crusade against everything with surprising vigor, being assured, of course, that the number of stars in their future celestial crowns depends upon the intensity of their ruthless campaign. The naturally intolerant need no urgings from their chief; the others find their crusade against the world an unexpected Annie Oakley to eternal glory.

Of course the naturally intolerant and bigoted never stop to suspect the motives of those urging them on, their natural blindness preventing them from seeing their own destruction.

The superstitious never demand to be convinced on this earth. The spiritually undisciplined are those wishful thinkers who wouldn't even consider taking a potshot at Santa Claus, even though he never gets any closer than always being right around the corner. After all, even if the "Judge" does sound a little queer at times, he offers them a future hope which offsets their present miseries; for Rutherford, like other present day individuals who lead masses to destruction, gains his converts by preaching a lot of "have" to the "have-nots."

There is another class of witness which has not been mentioned. They are the professional profit-takers, the high pressure sales-managers who have joined up for the over-write coming from the business of the rank and file of witnesses under them. In susceptible districts they drive forward their sales quotas by graphs and charts which exhort the lowlier ones to excel neighboring districts in "the strange work" of witnessing. Aided by sound trucks, they glean profits with astonishing thoroughness from those sufficiently gullible to believe the "Judge's" promise: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

CAPITAL HAS A CASE— DESPITE THE UNIONS

WILLIAM J. SMITH

THERE are two sides to every controversy. Capital-labor is no exception. In a previous article I attempted to show that labor has a case and should be given a hearing. I lean toward the cause of the workingman. Pius XI is my authority for this seeming partiality. He justifies the championing of the laborer with the argument that management has many powerful weapons for defense which are lacking to labor. There is, however, a side for management which should be brought out. To defend the employer who is worthy of defense is really to do a service to labor. The ordinary worker, generally, is willing to concede the rights of the employer and welcomes an exposition of fair facts which favor the boss.

The greatest victim of present-day industrial strife is the honest, well-disposed smaller business man and employer. (I prescind from the perennial poor who have been in a depression for 150 years.) This type of employer is the lamb in the modern version of the Wolf and the Lamb.

The smaller employer today is caught in the vice-like grip of a set of circumstances over which he has little or no control. First of all there is the black history of the economic overlords, past and present, who have heaped injustices upon the working class. There is no denying the facts. As a prominent, big-time employer frankly stated at a public meeting of ours: "There never would have been any need of a Wagner Act if employers had done the right thing toward their workmen in the past."

All employers today are paying the penalty for those abuses. The smaller man bears the brunt of it in an unfair proportion. The old-time labor leaders have developed a natural antipathy toward the employing class because of their struggles through the years. This antagonism has been passed along as a heritage to a good many of the younger leaders of the present generation. The Communist agitators and the Socialist sympathizers brandish it as a warrior would his sword. The local racketeer, who has forced his way into the labor movement or pushed himself to the top by bribery, threats and illicit protection, profits handsomely because of it. Added to all this is some of the social legislation which was intended particularly to protect the worker by curbing the great industrial giants, but which in reality bears down on the small and big employer alike. He is a victim of circumstances in a real sense.

Unlike his wealthy *confrères* who sit afar off on the mountains of their millions and view the scene with unperturbed contempt, he cannot afford to carry his complaint through a long-drawn-out court battle. Unlike his godless competitor, he refuses to

compromise his conscience by resorting to the "kick-back" and other immoral practices. As a result, he sits sadly and watches the business of a lifetime slowly slip from his grasp.

When we speak of the "smaller" employer, we are thinking of the man who hires a working force in the neighborhood of a hundred or less. (There may be instances of an employer of less than a thousand employees who would find himself in straits similar to his smaller brother.)

Two of the first considerations that catch our attention in his regard are the questions of prices and wages. Generally speaking, he has no control over the first; and, as a result, he is limited in his ability to meet the demands of the second. He is caught up in a pagan system of trade and commerce. He must swim with the tide or be submerged. Cut-throat competition or illegal and immoral business practices and unbearable taxation are driving him to either bankruptcy or dishonesty. All he needs, at times, is an unscrupulous union-organizer to set him on the toboggan that flings him off at the bottom of the industrial hill. One jurisdictional dispute between two unions can be the push that starts his death ride.

We are presupposing that our victim is sincere and honest. We have no sympathy for him if, as the social encyclicals point out, the reason for his labor troubles is his own inefficiency, his refusal to keep up with modern improvements, his lack of social consciousness, etc. No man has a right to be in business just because he likes the business. When a man employs other human beings to work for him, he assumes a new social responsibility. His first obligation is to consider his employees as essential elements of a living society who can function as members of that society, in a proper way, only if they are recipients of a living wage. If he cannot meet that responsibility, it might be much better for himself, his employees and the common good if he were to cease trying to be an employer and divert his talent to other fields—for example, as an executive or manager of a bigger concern.

Taking things as they are, however, and knowing the reluctance of men to make such a break, it will be interesting to analyze the position of this vast army of employers. The modern small-type employer is not an economist. He is not a sociologist. Nor can he hire high-salaried specialists to do his thinking for him, to form his labor policies, and pursue them through the twisting paths of legal procedure. He is on his own. Some, no doubt, have had the advantage of a formal education. The greater number, one would judge, are not so favored. Many of them have a hard enough time learning to pronounce the word *encyclical*, to say nothing of plumbing the depths of wisdom contained in these masterpieces of social doctrine. Yet we find critical creatures who would place most of the burden for the reconstruction of the social order upon their shoulders. Is that a fair judgment?

Often, the average employer is a man who has inherited the business from his father who built it before him. He attends to his religious duties with a normal regularity. He accepts the ordinary

obligations of charity with as good a grace as the next man. Beyond that, he devotes most of his time and energy to keeping his business alive. He has left the inculcating of sound principles and the shaping of public opinion to the educators, the clergy and others in public life. He has not had the foresight to know what the present generation would reveal. Nor have they, to whom he had entrusted this responsibility. Is it just to hold him accountable for all the ills of society merely because he has lacked the gift of prophetic vision?

The very evils that beset us are making all classes of society more social-conscious day by day. The employer, large and small, according to his position and station in life, has a definite obligation to cooperate in solving the social problem. But the responsibility is not his alone. The lawyer who forms the labor policy of a corporation, the educator who shapes the thought and molds the sentiments of youth, the clergy who have been ordained to preach Christ's doctrine, the doctor upon whom rests the health of the community and the nation, the labor leader in whose hands lies the fate of the workers and their families—all share, in varying degrees, the sacred obligation of making the earth a decent place in which to live.

In a concrete, practical analysis of present-day conditions we will discover that the employer of the type we are considering has a very hard part to play. Where others are affected indirectly by the disturbances of industrial life, he must meet them head on.

Take a practical case. Here is a man who employs twenty men. In spite of some unsatisfactory conditions, which both he and his employees recognize, he has created a spirit of good will and co-operation that is mutual. The workers have been with him a long time. They are more or less content with their lot. Working conditions and hours are normally decent. The men know that they are getting as much in wages as the business will bear. The employer is not anti-labor. He has no objection to collective bargaining. The men themselves do not feel that under the circumstances affiliation with a union will be of any benefit to them.

Comes a day and a union organizer appears on the scene. He has no intention of convincing this group of the benefits of a union. He has one objective—to organize them. It means a dollar a man or some such sum to him. The less said about his methods the better. He succeeds. Can anyone be so blind as to think that such tactics are a help to the trade-union movement? Will those men be interested in a union which they have been forced to join against their will? Denial of freedom of choice, whether it be by the employer or the union representative, is of the same stripe. It is Hitlerism in miniature.

The true friend of the workingman will urge, beseech and beg all the working class to organize, and organize strongly, in sound unions for their own progress and protection. He will advocate unionism, not merely as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent principle and policy. The needs of labor are permanent, the protection for labor

must be permanent. He will not, however, betray labor under the guise of loyalty by remaining silent in the face of specific abuses.

When organization is brought about in this way, the consequent relations between the employer and the union are too often according to the same pattern. If added help is needed, the employer is browbeaten to accept men on his payroll who are undesirable. They may be careless, negligent, inefficient, even un-American. But they are friends of the business agent. The employer takes them to avoid greater trouble. The signing of the contract becomes a verbal brawl. In the end the workers at times are worse off financially and socially than before they were organized. Is that what we are supposed to defend if we are to be allowed to remain advocates of the cause of labor? Lord, deliver us! Multiply this situation in a community, and it will not be difficult to understand why it is so hard at times to plead the cause of labor. Unless it is corrected from within, it will be drastically cured from above by unjust legislation. The leaders of labor should be grateful, rather than resentful, to those who would rally public opinion against such practices.

As sympathetic as we feel toward this class of employers, our attitude toward Big Business remains unchanged. With certain exceptions mentally noted and recorded, we place the major share of our social ills at the door of Big Business—not because it is big, but because it is bad. It is anti-labor, therefore, anti-social. A new order that recognizes the rights of the employer, the workingman, the consumer, under the sane guidance of an impartial government must be established.

CHURCH IN NEW ORDER

JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.



WITH the passing of the Lend-Lease or Aid-To-Britain bill a persistent question arises. It is an unpleasant question, one that opens up a long vista of painful possibilities. No one can say where it may end, since it starts an indefinite series of events, each of which may bring about a further and further readjustment of all our familiar scenes and landmarks. In a world actuated by charity and justice, it might portend a new and happier order. In a world plunged into the effects of original sin, sparsely governed by religious or Christian principles, already thoroughly poisoned by hate, storing up potentials for further hate, the prospect is much less encouraging. Pleasant or unpleasant, however, the prospect should be faced.

Michael de la Bedoyere, editor of the *Catholic Herald* (London) remarks in his recent book, *The Catholic Crisis*, that there exists no infallible promise that the Church will ever succeed in Christianizing the social order. The only guarantee given to

her by her Divine Founder is that she cannot be utterly destroyed: "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it." But it is possible that the principles of social reform recommended by the Church shall continue to be frustrated by the schemes of the wicked and the timidity of the virtuous.

The Church has looked with great optimism upon the rise of national and sovereign states in our times. She has not created these institutions; they were made without consulting the Church, even for the moral principles that they presuppose. Those which today share the domination of the world and fight among themselves for the mastery are either openly hostile to the Church, persecuting her members, or they are not deeply concerned with her existence or with her claims. In spite of that, the Church has continued to recognize national and sovereign governments, wherever and to whatever extent it is possible to recognize them without compromising her principles.

As the Church is a perfect society in her own sphere, so she respects the competence of the civil power in its field. "Each in its own kind," says Pope Leo XIII, "is supreme; each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each, so that there is, we may say, an orbit traced out within which the action of each is brought into play by its own native right" (*Christian Constitution of States*). The Church presumes, often hoping against hope, that the state will remain strictly within its own limits, until there is overwhelming evidence to the contrary.

The Church, however, is not obliged to insist that the civil power maintain forever and under all circumstances the rigid division into independent, completely sovereign states that the political world now shows. The Church has been at home in a world governed by other systems: under a world empire or under various types of federation. As long as the rights of religion, of the family, of the individual human person are safeguarded, the Church is not basically concerned what form the domestic or the international civil system takes.

The conviction is being continually expressed, that the day of the small, completely sovereign countries has passed, never to return. If any do survive, it would seem that this will be due only to some altogether exceptional circumstance such as exists in the case of Switzerland. No matter how complete democracy's triumph may be, it is hard to see how it can again set up these lesser states save as part of a federated Europe or federated world in which certain great attributes of sovereignty will necessarily be held in common.

If this be true for the lesser states, will it not be true for the greater national bodies as well? Can our own country, for instance, hope to continue its existence as a supremely sovereign nation, going its own way in peace, offending no one, quarreling with no one, coveting neither people nor land nor wealth of other nations, but preserving the independence which has been our glory for more than 150 years? God grant that it may, but can we expect it?

We had hoped that this might remain possible, no matter what the outcome might eventually be in Europe. But with the passing of the Lend-Lease bill a great part of our sovereignty appears to have vanished as well. Placing all the powers of a sovereign nation into the hands of one individual, with the power to transfer any part of them to another nation, is but the prelude to the merging of all sovereignties into one. It is, in other words, the beginning of the end not only of this nation as an independent nation but of the very idea of any completely independent nations. It is the beginning of a new political order in which boundaries will be laid not between territories and geographically defined populations, but between groups held together by common interests or ideas, who may cooperate together the whole world over and completely break down our present divisions and norms of civil government.

If this is the new world that we are going to face, is it not time that we as Catholics prepare for the problems that it will place for us? As Professor Pitirim Sorokin says, it will be a political world vastly more governed by ideas, as ideas, than the world in which we now live, which runs in no small measure upon the traditions of earlier times, fashioned under other economies and inspired by other loyalties. These ideas may be good or evil, angelic or diabolical, but they are still ideas. Ideas inspired by the Evil Spirit must be met and conquered with ideas taught by the Spirit of God.

Motion can be very rapid without being felt. A spot on the equator moves at 1,034 miles an hour, a spot at the pole does not move at all, but the sensation is the same in either case. It takes an event like the Lend-Lease bill to indicate to us how fast we are moving into the new international order. Catholics in America ought to play their part in fashioning this order. Unfortunately we are far from ready to play our part. We have found it sufficiently difficult to accommodate ourselves to the existing order, without concerning ourselves about the future.

The integrity of the United States, as a sovereign and democratic people, is one of the strongest bulwarks in the defense of natural rights that the world has ever known. If this defense is broken down, if our country has surrendered its sovereignty in the interests of the new international order, Catholics still face the problem of preserving human freedom in the new state of things. As was put by Raoul E. Desvernine, speaking at the Center Club in New York City on March 9, such defense is only possible through a "positive philosophy or set of values"; through a clear-cut understanding of "the Christian doctrine of Man." If we cannot fashion or control the new order, we must at least find our *modus vivendi* therein. We must decide now, and decide at once, what things we can never surrender, even at the cost of our lives. Even if we are to perish, let us perish as one, with one aim, one hope and for one cause.

We have been told to prepare for peace and to prepare for war. Our first job, as Christians and as Catholics, is to prepare for existence.

THE NEGRO IN THE NORTH IS NO FREER THAN IN THE SOUTH

GEORGE W. STREATOR

THERE are four separate compartments into which we must place the practical aspects of the Negro problem in this country. Subdivision and clarification will give ten times as many types of the problem. But we will try to hold down the number of lines used to describe a broad area. Negroes and their problems must be divided horizontally by classes, the upper and lower, as with every other "race" or culture group. (There are grades of upper and lower, as always, but we will omit that.) It suffices to say that fully eight-tenths of all Negroes are in the lower set, economically and/or culturally; more often *and* than *or*. As a rule, we think of share-croppers as ignorant, backward. There are cases where this is not true, but we must accept certain generalities. In the same sense we can regard the average educated Negro as well-to-do; but in a comparative sense pertaining to general social conditions that make a Negro Pullman porter a member of the upper stratum, mixing freely with the school teachers, social workers, doctors, lawyers and to an extent (not true at all in the South) with the neighborhood vice leaders and ward heelers. This is a product of many conditions that could require lengthy discussion to make it clear that a Negro Pullman porter and redcap is more often than not a college graduate or, at least, has attended college. These are conditions that hold true more often in the North than in the South (Northerners take notice), giving us an artificial proletariat—so-called workers totally misplaced and therefore rebellious.

I have merely described the upper and lower classes in an effort to show that the so-called upper class is badly confused if we are to describe Negro life with the same terms used, say, in Marxist treatises describing white society in England before this war or in France during the periods of extreme Leftist agitation. The Negro upper class has separated itself by culture and training, but it does not yet possess the economic means to make its class one-tenth as independent as, say, a similar class in a country as economically depressed as Cuba. The upper class is at the mercy of economic discrimination everywhere. While war industries have shown a marked discrimination against Negro chemists, physicists, teachers, etc., the situation has merely become dramatized in an era that cries for unity. Nothing new in discrimination has taken place.

Now, what about the lower class which repre-

sents the unskilled workers, the untrained domestics, as distinguished from the trained hotel and house workers, railroad servants, and others? They are the real working class, but not a class-conscious working class in the Marxist sense. They are what Marx called in Europe the *Lumpenproletariat*, if we confine ourselves mainly to Northern cities; for here we find a foot-loose crowd of human beings, pulled away from the soil, no matter how poor their skills, and thrown into the laps of the big cities. These are the people the Communists have sought to propagandize. But as a matter of fact, mainly Father Divine, Jehovah's witnesses, and Marcus Garvey have aroused in this group the feelings of humanity. Garvey, of course, reached them with Racism, a black man's world to gain by fighting; and Jehovah's witnesses offered them other forms of social acceptance—all these movements, like the Communists', making use of the social rejection of the black masses by the white masses of the same or similar classes.

We were going to divide our field into four sectors. This is not difficult to visualize. First, we divided the Negro into two parts, the upper and lower classes, careful to point out that there are many more subdivisions of classes possible. Secondly, we have merely to draw a vertical line separating the social North from the social South. The North begins about where all roads reach Washington, and meanders across the country to divide us with separate schools and separate cars. This is not easy to do, for separate schools have crept into various parts of the North. And economic opportunities exist where we least expect them. That is the crux of our argument. That is why we decry the fact that well-meaning Northern white people think that economic wrongs are all in the South. That is why we decry the fact that Northern Negro leaders create among the masses the impression that a vision of big cities is sufficient to transform starving Southern Negroes into socially and politically advanced American citizens.

We recognize, of course, that we are giving a lot of comfort to a school of Southern whites who maintain that Negroes are "kept in their place" because of their inferior culture, poor health, lack of political acumen, etc. But we are not afraid of that misuse of our thinking processes, for everything that can be said about ignorant Southern Negroes can be said about ignorant Southern whites. The difference comes at this point: the

ignorant Southern white, on the whole, is kept in his place, but if he improves and produces intelligent offspring, to state it simply, his offspring are accepted as intelligent people and are not held accountable for every other ignorant poor white the country over. But Negroes are clamped in a cast and held there, more or less, where they will not compete too much with white political and labor leaders.

The intelligent Negro (he is with us in growing numbers) is prevented from advancing into the class of society for which he has been educated and for which he has trained himself. Obviously, we are not arguing that the intelligent Negro is expected to marry the Governor's daughter as a prize for his college degree. The fear of race mixture and attendant "impurities" is not a matter worth proving or disproving among intelligent people. This is something that time and time alone will prove, and which time already has made in the form of jokes and pranks against prejudices.

We are leaving the question of one's family heritage to the strength of family ties. It ought to suffice to say, and to say advisedly, that after three hundred years of living side by side, the South still produces white people generation after generation, and fewer black people, not more. It is the black people whose stock has been diluted.

Negro carpenters, however, are working in South Carolina, but cannot work, even when they hold union cards, in many parts of the North. Negro artisans have been all but wiped out in cities like New York and Philadelphia, even in trades that once they dominated. We know that young men trained in our best Northern schools are being denied work in our factories which are providing material (but certainly not cultural) preparedness in a program of segregated economy. Patches of Negro artisans are employed in defense building, but no progress is being made in opening up jobs in our great trade-centers like New York. It is the white-collar Negro worker who suffers most. That is why we find college graduates selling Communism, along with the "numbers" and other vices.

Hence, it is not only the lower class or classes that are being demoralized, but the upper classes of skilled workers, and white collar people. In short, segregation and discrimination, Northern style, have done more to destroy stable classes among its Negro citizens than lynching, for lynchings, no matter how vicious, have not destroyed the cultural and economic development of a section of the intelligent South like Durham, North Carolina. The tobacco workers in Durham and some successful farmers make the difference.

We cannot offer Durham as the perfect model. Pray let us not throw off one error only to pick up another loose generalization. But there is more interracial cooperation in Durham per square inch than in New York per square mile. There are, of course, no Negro police in Durham, nor judges, nor very many paid social workers. But Harlem is not made whole by having a small political and professional class. After all, all the police and fire-

men, social workers and city judges cannot carry the economic load of more than 300,000 bewildered, confused, dependent people. Furthermore, and lastly, we have not solved our local problem through the school services given the children. Let us take a glance at the results of education in the North for Negro children. For brevity, we will list them by number.

1. On graduation, ten young men and women try to find work (of all places!) not in the North but in the South from which their ancestors fled, thus laying themselves open to attack and social confusion at the hands of other young Negroes whose parents stayed South and had their children educated in the South.

2. Many Northern-school graduates scour the country for talent to take South in order to bolster their efficiency (athletic talent is more often sought after than any other) and produce discord in Southern schools, as, for example, recent incidents at Tuskegee Institute.

3. In turn, the graduates of Southern colleges come North in large numbers and, as a rule, by the strength of numbers and group solidarity actually improve themselves or affect improvement to take most of the jobs that might have been the lot of Northern-trained students.

Hence, the North is creating problems by failing to link job opportunities with the education it offers. Here again, is room for misinterpretation. We are not demanding that higher education be denied Negroes who want it and are capable of accepting it. Besides, the whole philosophy of education is undergoing severe challenges the world over; why narrow our reform to the Northern Negro alone? But the Northern Negro student is handicapped far worse than the Northern white student, even if it is said that philosophers from Harvard make the best bond salesmen. The white graduate of Harvard can expect employment in a thousand fields of industry and business, to say nothing of teaching in Northern colleges or jobs as career men in the diplomatic corps. The Negro Harvard graduate is up against the closed door.

We can still say the Southern whites err flatly on the side of Christian fellowship and that the North offers lots more on this score. But the North leaves the educated Negro Christian the option to seek work in the South or starve. Society is in a decidedly unhealthy condition, economically as well as morally, when it compels a capable and responsible worker like the Negro to seek, once he emerges from the unskilled class, most of his employment in governmental services and bureaus. Such a treatment naturally impels young and ambitious Negro youth to seek their salvation in socialistic setups, instead of in a healthy atmosphere of independence and enterprise. The great area of industrial employment should be opened for every individual according to his qualifications and capacities. On the other hand, Negro education is losing a valuable opportunity if it fails to prepare qualified workers to take advantage of the opportunities in industrial employment as and when they are opened up to the Negro.

MR. FORD ON UNIONS

IN our judgment Henry Ford muddied the waters of an already troubled stream by his interview on labor unions, published some weeks ago by the Associated Press. "We do not intend to submit to any union," he said, "and those who belong to one are being fooled." After cataloging the faults of the unions, Mr. Ford announced that he had "no intention of recognizing any union as a bargaining agency to represent employes of the Ford Motor Company."

Mr. Ford's catalog lists no new crimes. The only point of importance to be attached to it is that none of the crimes, or all taken together, is a valid argument against the principle of unionism. It is certainly true that some unions are unreasonable in their rules and regulations, that some are controlled by racketeers and that some have counseled violence in labor disputes. But the same crimes can be laid at the door of some employers and of some associations of employers. Mr. Ford may have been unhappy in his relations with unions and organizers, but he ought to make an effort to prevent these disasters from obscuring his mental vision. An institution is not necessarily bad because some who support it are bad.

The union has proved its value to the worker. Without it, collective bargaining is a delusion and a fraud. It has to its credit years of battling against starvation wages, exhausting hours of work and other forms of tyranny which, unfortunately, went unnoted and unpunished for generations. It has not always acted wisely or justly, but the principle on which it is founded assuredly cannot be called in question.

Still, we think that the unions will do well to take note of Mr. Ford's criticisms. It is encouraging to know that the President of the A. F. of L. recently used his influence to revoke the membership of two officials in a Newark union who had been convicted of extortion, and that he seems inclined to revoke the charter of teacher's union accused of hewing too closely to the Communist party line. A determined position by the heads of the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L. against racketeers, Communists and other evil-doers who use the unions both to exploit the worker and to discredit union labor will do more than many perfervid orations to give the unions the strength which, according to Mr. Ford, they are losing in this country. Labor has long suffered from leaders who are incompetent or corrupt, or both. Such leaders do greater harm to organized labor than the most reactionary capitalists.

A feeling that the unions need curbing has been growing in Congress. For pointing out that now undeniable fact we have been scored as an enemy of union labor, but in our judgment the strikes in factories with war contracts are giving the criticism a sharper point. Unless some unions learn to manage their affairs better, we may soon have legislation which will set all unions back half a century. What these unions need is less insistence upon their rights, and more upon their duties.

EDITOR

OUR PATRONESS

THE Feast of Our Lady immediately following the signing of the Lend-Lease bill is the Feast of her Annunciation, celebrated by the Church on next Tuesday. Since, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, Our Lady is the heavenly Patroness of this country, it is timely and fitting that we beg her protection for our young men in the naval and military services. Many find themselves for the first time far from home and its hallowed protection, and exposed to dangers for soul and body. May Our Blessed Lady be their true Mother who will guard them and bring them safely home.

AS WE GO

ENACTED by Congress and signed by the President, the Lend-Lease bill is now law. Opposition is at an end, and all good citizens will obey it, as far as it may concern them. But obedience to a civil statute is not intellectual submission. No man who fought this bill for reasons which he deemed valid need reject those reasons. Until their invalidity becomes evident to him, he cannot reject them. Still less is the citizen obliged, under pain of disloyalty, to approve every means which may be adopted by the Executive Department of the Government to give the new legislation effect.

It is trite to observe that we have entered upon a new and untried political experiment. Whether the forces which the Government is about to harness will insure the continuance of the constitutional principles which began to operate in 1789 is a question which only the future can answer.

The Lend-Lease bill clothes the Executive with powers hitherto unused by this Government. At the same time, it puts the war-making branch of the Government in the background. The argument that the troubled condition of the times necessitates an unusual delegation of authority is familiar, but not convincing. It is convincing, or would be, only if the existence of an obligation on part of the American people to go to the aid of Great Britain with our material resources, and with the blood of our sons, could be shown; or were it fairly evident that the only way of defending the country against attack by the German Government were de-

SAVAGERY

AMONG the most horrible features of the war in which we are now engaged is that the American Government will cooperate with Great Britain in keeping food from Belgium, Holland and the unoccupied areas of France. Thus in a campaign to aid democracies all over the world we fight Hitler by starving women, children and the old, in the democracies which Hitler has overthrown. As it is waged today, war is not only savage but stupid. In agreeing with Great Britain to destroy the Hoover relief plan, we come close to approval of the inhuman principle that all is fair in war.

VE TO WAR

fense by this Government of the British Government. In the absence of clear evidence to support either contention, the Lend-Lease bill must be regarded as the beginning of a war against Hitler and his satellites by the American Government.

This war to defend democracy in every part of the world can be used to extinguish democratic forms of government in the United States. Whatever vestiges of authority are retained by Congress should be used to avert this calamity. Should measures taken by the Executive Department seem to encroach upon constitutional guarantees, Congress should resent the usurpation, and do all in its power to check dangerous tendencies. Corresponding to the duty of Congress to restrain improper use of powers which it has delegated, is the constitutional right of the citizen to criticize the Government, and to petition it for the redress of wrongs. Constitutional free speech is usually the first of constitutional rights to be set aside by Governments at war. It is to be hoped that Congress will enact no legislation which may unduly restrain the exercise of this right, hated by dictators, but altogether necessary to good government.

The Government's activities will impose many sacrifices upon all of us. All who truly love their country will remember that the one sacrifice which will bring God's blessing is the sacrifice of a humble and contrite heart. Only with His aid can we win a victory worth the winning.

WHEN SHALL WE AWAKE?

SURVEYS conducted in the British military camps more than a year ago disclosed an astounding degree of irreligion, and of all but total ignorance of religion, among the young recruits. These youths represented no one social group or locality, but were drawn, apparently, from all classes and neighborhoods. An interesting article in the *London Month* by the late Rev. Francis Woodlock, S.J., a famous chaplain in the First World War, seemed to supply evidence that conditions were even worse than those which prevail among our own young people.

The report of the survey, and Father Woodlock's article, occasioned the usual letters to the *Times*, and in a leading article that journal summed up the views of distinguished leaders, Catholic and non-Catholic. It was agreed, with practical unanimity, that legislation providing children in all the schools with facilities for an adequate training in religion was among the most important of all works of reconstruction. One incidental effect of war is that it sweeps away pretense and frivolity, and thus induces a temper in which men search their souls to the depths, and bravely face stark reality.

For it is only in times when material bread is scarce that some men learn at last that not by bread alone can men or nations live. A nation's soul is debased when the old agencies that ever strive to lift men above their purely materialistic surroundings, and to fix their eyes upon their last end and the means whereby it may be attained, are weakened or disregarded. England surely has learned that the soul of a nation perishes whose citizens believe that it can be made strong, active and benevolent by patterns of progress that are wholly material.

When shall we in this country learn the same lesson?

As for France, the Vichy Government is doing its best under highly unfavorable circumstances, to profit by the failures of the past. For some months, a plan for religious instruction in the primary and secondary schools has been under consideration, and what appears to be a preliminary report was issued last week. The extracts published in the American press do not describe the methods by which the plan is to be put in execution, but sufficient is known to indicate that, in the districts not under Nazi control, France proposes to recognize its obligations to the generation which, please God, will carry on, after France has been restored to her rightful place among the nations of the world. The policy of subsidizing "lay" schools only which, in too many instances, meant not that religion was excluded but that it was derided, is abolished. In its place, the Government provides for optional religious classes, and one morning in every week is left free to permit children to receive religious and moral instruction from their parents, or from priests, Sisters or Brothers, chosen by them.

Again, when shall we welcome the truth that has come home to France and Great Britain? It may be that we shall not learn the same age-old lesson until we have been purified in the flaming furnaces of war.

Yet there are signs among us of a return to our own older ideals. It is surely encouraging to read that in numerous localities throughout this country, thoughtful Americans are trying to give our children in the public schools an opportunity to acquaint themselves with at least the elements of religion. The religious care of the child is among the most solemn of all parental obligations, yet many parents lack the ability to fulfil this duty adequately. Others find themselves so taken up with secular duties that sufficient time for the discharge of this sacred duty is wanting. Practically speaking, the modern parent needs help in performing this important duty, and the best, as well as the most convenient, aid is found in the school which recognizes religion.

It cannot be asserted that the addition of some teaching in religion to instruction in secular subjects makes the school an institution fitted for the Catholic child. To hold that position would be to contradict the express statement to the contrary in the Encyclical of Pius XI *On the Christian Education of the Young*. Yet the plan now in use in many American communities will doubtless save thousands for the Faith who otherwise would be lost. As a missionary work of first importance, it merits the support and, when opportunity offers, the sympathetic cooperation of every Catholic.

NATIONAL SPENDING

PERHAPS it is slightly absurd at this time to question expenditures authorized by Congress. By raising the debt limit, Congress itself has shown no disposition to question them. The limit is now \$65,000,000,000, but with equal reason Congress might have set it at twice that sum.

The best that can be made of this bad situation, for the existence of which the people of this country are not primarily responsible, is to keep steadily in mind that every expenditure means a debt that must be paid. The disposition in some high quarters to hold debt lightly, or even to list it as a valuable national asset, has disappeared. The talk is no longer of debts, but of a roof upon debts. This new policy would be an improvement on the old, were the roof fixed. But it has been raised frequently in the last few years, and can be raised again at any time.

The emphasis should lie upon the truth that a debt is always something that must be paid by the people. The only escape is through national repudiation or, what is the same thing, through inflation. But either is merely an evasion which can bring no solution but financial ruin. The stage to which this country has drifted makes huge expenditures inevitable this year, and perhaps for many years to come. But Congress can at least try to make them less huge.

OUR DAILY BREAD

THE Gospel for tomorrow (Saint John, vi, 1-15) presents a characteristic picture of Our Blessed Lord preaching to His people the Gospel of the Kingdom. A great multitude had followed Him, some because they wished to know more about the Kingdom, but others "because they saw the miracles he did." On this day Jesus had preached to about five thousand men "besides women and children," and when evening came on and the people were about to disperse, it was discovered that they had nothing to eat. The only provisions that could be found were in the possession of a boy, and they consisted of five barley loaves and two fishes.

The Apostles were much disturbed about the plight of the people, but at Our Lord's bidding they made the men sit down on the grass. We may imagine them looking at Jesus with curiosity as He took the loaves and fishes into His Sacred Hands to bless them. Privileged indeed were these humble creatures of God to be touched by Him, and at His Word to feel the power of omnipotence; privileged the boy from whom Andrew had taken them; privileged, too, the crowd that fed upon them to repletion, and then helped to gather up the twelve baskets of fragments. We can understand their enthusiasm when they wished to force Him to become their king. Surely, they said to themselves, He can and will restore the kingdom unto Israel. But they had misread the Scriptures, and therefore Jesus eluded them, and "fled into the mountain."

But the privilege vouchsafed the crowd is but a faint foreshadowing of the infinitely greater privilege which Our Lord gives all His children to the end of time. It was His love that prompted Him not to send the crowd away hungry. It is His love that has prepared for us a Heavenly Banquet, giving strength and consolation, of which we can partake every day. From the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered, and upon thousands of altars the sacrificial bread and wine become at His Word His Body and Blood, His Soul and Divinity. In the most Holy Eucharist, we receive into our hearts the strength of our soul, our consolation in trial, our promise of life everlasting. Because He loves us, and wishes us to be united with Him in love, He spreads this Heavenly Banquet, and through His Vicar, invites us to partake of it frequently and, if possible, every day.

We have heard Our Lord's loving invitation, but have we accepted it? Often we complain that life's trials test us beyond our strength, but we shall not make our lives easier by staying away from Our Lord. When temptations harass us, we can find strength in the frequent reception of Holy Communion. When skies are dark, and life seems to hold out no promise of relief, and we think that there is no one to whom we can turn, let us go to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament for the solace that we need. Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament is our strength in life, as He will be our comfort at the moment of death, and our joy forever in Heaven.

CORRESPONDENCE

GIVE POP A BREAK

EDITOR: Father Blakely's article on motherhood was grand (AMERICA, February 22), but some of us fathers are a little fed up with all the talk and print about how hard mothers work at their job of raising children and no credit going to father.

Good mothers deserve all the credit in the world and are a great blessing from God. But what about Pop? Is he just the old draft horse who is useful because he brings in the bacon on pay day to keep a roof over the heads of his family and the wolf away from the door, or is he really looked up to as filling the position wherein Almighty God has placed him as head of the family? This is food for thought for all fathers. If our lives are such that mother and children cannot respect us as the head of our own little community, the home, then an examination of conscience is in order.

And as for working for the children—well, I know one father who assists at the Holy Sacrifice every morning and by his side kneel his two little boys. After Mass he returns home and starts the breakfast going for the family, then off to work he goes. At night, when necessary, he helps the children with their school work, does some baking, and on Saturday gives the house a general cleaning. He is careful to see that his children listen only to radio programs that are not a danger to faith or morals, and permits them to see only moving pictures that are on the white list.

Why not give pop a little credit for his share in bringing up the children?

New York, N. Y.

A FATHER

VIVACIOUS LADY

EDITOR: In a recent article on motherhood you disagree with a cap-and-gowned gentleman who advised his listeners, women college graduates, not to consider marriage a full-time job.

It seems to me to be a question of the different types of women, and there surely are many. The lives of the girl graduates, who probably come from our more well-to-do families, will not necessarily be like that of the woman you describe, and it is to them that the gentleman was speaking.

And it seems to me that he was giving good advice to those young women who have spent years developing their intellectual powers, competing with and sometimes surpassing the opposite sex in their pursuit of learning. If ability to bake a good pie or to sing a baby to sleep is all that is expected of women, why is money spent on their education? The most ignorant girl who has had no advantages might at the age of fourteen be able to do both of these better than the college graduate. Should an educated woman of twenty-one have developed no further? And if she has de-

veloped in any way beyond the ignorant girl, should she throw away all this attainment upon walking down the church aisle?

Intellectual skills, like physical ones, disappear after years of disuse. If a woman's education is to be of any value to her she must make use of it after her marriage as well as before, if not to help out the family budget, at least to keep her alert and interested in things outside her home and to make her life and that of her children richer and happier. . . .

But I think that his admonition is also for the mother who is in a financial position to have help with her housework. She can contribute more to the happiness and mental and spiritual growth of her child if she herself is mentally alive, and comes home to her tasks refreshed by the change of scene to be found in clubs or in the purposeful pursuance of a hobby or profession.

The woman who has from girlhood derived satisfaction from translating a difficult passage of Latin or French, from performing at the piano, or from creating a work of art, is probably not going to derive the same pleasure from baking a cake or from getting tattle-tale gray out of the clothes. Has she not a right to the satisfaction that only comes from mental work well done? Must she spend all of her time in kitchen and laundry, even if she is suited to and trained for other occupations?

Faribault, Minn.

CAROL H. O'NEIL

"CONFUSED"

EDITOR: I have just finished reading for the third time your editorial, 1776, (March 8) and I find myself so confused that I shall be restless until I have my doubts resolved.

The very length of the editorial and its repeated self-defense are, it seems to me, significant. It's quite obvious that you're getting something off your chest explicitly and *ex officio*—something at which you've been referring almost *ad nauseam* in recent months. Apparently your disagreement with the Administration is no longer (if, indeed, it ever was) confined to methods and details, but rather has become uncompromisingly a question of principle. You scarcely ever mention the Administration without spinning out a hazy atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust—so much so that I for one feel obliged to suggest that you put your cards on the table once and for all.

I'm not suggesting for a single instant that you have no right to criticize the President. But I am suggesting, as emphatically as I can, that your criticism would be more honorable and more intelligent, and incidentally more intelligible to your readers if it were fearlessly to name names. In other words, if it were to tell us, with documentary

evidence, just why and how and when and to what extent "our chief officials . . . reject original principles at the bidding of political expediency."

There are not many, I should think, who even suggest that it isn't "permissible to quote Washington on the Constitution." But I can well imagine that there are many who do insist, as I'm insisting now, that when you've quoted Washington you haven't by that very fact told the whole story. As a matter of fact, you've only begun to fight. It's perilously close to political superstition, I believe, to assume that Washington is necessarily right and that Roosevelt, as a consequence, is necessarily wrong. And may I submit that, regardless of your intentions in the matter, that's precisely the impression that you're giving.

If you think that the New Deal is based on a shaky philosophy, let's have your proof in plain, outspoken language; and afterwards let's have an opportunity for honest rebuttal from the pen of the opposition.

By way of postscript, I should like a definition of "a great liberal," as those words were used of Justice McReynolds (AMERICA, February 1). Is it of the essence of great liberalism to vote almost petulantly against every piece of constructive and progressive social legislation that comes along, or to have a vulgar and an unconcealed dislike for the Jews? I wonder.

Washington, D. C. REV. GEORGE G. HIGGINS

QUERY

EDITOR: I read Father LaFarge's article, *Catholic Thought Fails to Sway States* (AMERICA, February 22). Among the poorest paid men and women in laboring work and in teaching are the employees of our Catholic institutions in the United States. How are these institutions swayed?

St. Louis, Mo.

PAROCHUS

NEW TYPE RETREAT

EDITOR: Last year attention was drawn to what your caption writer called "new type retreat." A group of some thirty laymen made the Spiritual Exercises at a parish church. The retreat lasted three full days. The order followed was that generally observed in retreat houses, save that the men returned to their homes for the evening. Silence was kept throughout the day. Many of the retreatants were poor men who could not have afforded a trip to one of the retreat houses. The Rosary was recited whilst strolling through the grounds of a neighboring park. Meals were served in the school cafeteria. The enthusiasm created has lasted throughout the year, so that already reservations are being made for this year's retreat to be held in July.

The women have asked for a similar opportunity. We are starting them off with a day of recollection. Over one hundred are in attendance. They are following the same order of exercises as the men.

I had the good fortune of spending seven years in a retreat house for men, and was tremendously

impressed by the value of the work accomplished. But nine subsequent years in parish work have convinced me that in such places we are only scratching the surface. Paraphrasing *Thanatopsis*, I might say that all who make retreats are but a handful to those who don't.

Hence why not a nation-wide movement to supplement the work done at Staten Island, Malvern, Mayslake, Sierra Madre, with parish retreats conducted along the lines indicated? As the Archbishop of Baltimore is quoted as having said recently: "The Exercises of Saint Ignatius stopped the Reformation. They can stop Communism today."

Santa Barbara, Calif. JOSEPH R. STACK, S.J.

STARVATION

EDITOR: May I offer my congratulations for your editorial, *Starving Democracies*? It is a powerful recapitulation of your opinions previously published on this subject.

The thought that several millions of innocent people can be slowly tortured to death by starvation should be unbearable for every human being. I may be lacking in imagination, but I never was able to understand how some people can be complacent about it and find comfort in the idea that somehow, in a roundabout way, this may increase the chances for England's victory.

Mrs. Roosevelt has called recently the plans for the aid of starving democracies "an useless performance." I wonder if any detached witness of her public words and actions in the last few years could find a more descriptive expression for them. An useless performance, indeed!

Cleveland, Ohio.

S. A. ANDREWS

GOOD WILL TO MEN

EDITOR: I am very grateful for Rev. W. J. McGarry's authoritative article on the Angels' Christmas hymn (AMERICA, March 1). The erroneous assumption that the version "good will to men" is a Protestant innovation will always cause some ill-feeling.

Being a Catholic priest of an Eastern rite, I always use the form "good will toward men" in the Gospel and in the Hymn for Dawn (*Gloria* in the Roman rite). More than anybody else do we Catholics of Eastern rites resent erroneous references to the so-called Protestant version by Catholics.

Father McGarry stated that this version had been used in the Catholic Church more than a millennium before Luther and that it still is used, at least in the Eastern rites.

More than 250 Catholic priests in the United States sing or recite daily the Hymn for Dawn in their respective liturgical language. From now on, they will sing it with particular delight and without fear of having it marked "Protestant" by some correspondent of AMERICA. After Father McGarry's scholarly declaration that both versions are Catholic, no reader can excuse himself with lack of sufficient knowledge on this subject.

New York, N. Y.

REV. ANDREW ROGOSH

LITERATURE AND ARTS

IRELAND AND THE TWO ETERNITIES

CHARLES A. BRADY

THERE is a slender Gaelic threnody for the chieftain, Aed Mac Colggan, which is as quietly exquisite as anything in the Greek Anthology, and perhaps the only wholly tranquil poem to come out of the Old Irish period. Twilight hush is in the air; a bell rings for evensong from the stone tower of St. Ciaran's church; and the little Shannon breeze that springs up at nightfall ripples the sweet grasses in the cemetery where, under the plain of crosses, warrior's hafted sword rusts no more surely than churchman's crozier.

Aed quiet in earth, the King in the churchyard
The dear pure little bird sleeps next to Ciaran in
Clonmacnoise.

The author is unknown. Beyond any doubt he was a cleric; he may even have been a saint, for saints burgeoned in Ireland during the Dark Age. But if so, he was most certainly a rarer *avis* even than Saint Kevin's nesting blackbird, for in the main, the Saints of Inisfail were testy fellows and reserved their kindnesses for foxes and badgers and little long-eared hares, and the like, and in the single instance of Colman of Iona, for the lowly fly which, in gratitude, was wont to mark the Saint's place for him by squatting down upon the very line at which he had halted in his codex, when the Matins bell rang.

Nor were they poets—in the accepted sense; not even Patrick, for all his nervous rhetoric, so like Paul of Tarsus', and his chant against the power of women, and smiths and druids. They were Saints of God, but they were men of Erin, too, and their proud and angry dust lies hardly quieter than the restless bones of Swift under the stones of Dublin churchyard; old Jonathan, with his *saeva indignatio*, by the accident of the Reformation not their co-religionist, but by virtue of Yeats' "two eternities, that of race and that of soul," their psychological coeval.

It is more than a happy chance that yokes the names of these great Irishmen. The poets of ancient Ireland thought in Triads, and here is a Triad for the best of them:

The three wraths of Ireland: the anger of Patrick; the rage of Swift; the defiance of Yeats.

The anthropologists tell us there is nothing in race; but the poets know better. Shaw would put it down to climate: "There is an Irish climate . . .

eternal and irresistible, making a mankind and a womankind that Kent, Middlesex, and East Anglia cannot produce and do not want to imitate." But Yeats is the man for my money:

Though grave-diggers' toil is long,
Sharp their spades, their muscles strong,
They but thrust their buried men
Back in the human mind again.

It has always seemed to me that the Irish poetic mind has three moods—putting out of court the cloudy mysticism that is compact of Ossian's mistaken blend of eighteenth century rhetoric and the essential Celtic magic. These are: a certain sense of nature, an almost faun-like immediacy of perception of natural states, seen today at its sharpest, perhaps, in the work of James Stephens; what Arnold called natural magic; a thing more intense and poignant than the Romantics' poetic fallacy, though it is pantheism of a sort, but the simple woodland pantheism of hairy-hocked Pan himself. Then there is the neat, clean, sprucely-swept, almost "base mechanic" sort of imagery, precise of lines as a ruled blue print, which goes under the name of "metaphysical" in English poetry, at least. And running through all, like an electric charge, the eternal shock of defiance: "Standish O'Grady supporting himself between the tables, speaking to a drunken audience high nonsensical words"; the obverse of Whiggery, which is "a levelling, rancorous, rational sort of mind that never looked out of the eye of a saint or out of drunkard's eye."

The oldest relique of Irish poetry is a song of hate against the fierce sea-raiders who came over the waters in their galleys from Lothlind, to plunder and harry the monasteries of Ireland. It was scribbled one night of storm on the margin of a psalter by some bookish monk of Saint Gall, who looked out of his mountain eyrie into the teeth of a raging *tourbillon* sweeping up the Swiss valley, and shivering in the dark, clutching his rough-grained cowl about him, consoled himself for the cold that had fixed on everything, iron bible hasp and granite window-ledge and blue-nailed scholar fingers, with the grim thought that even the bearded Northmen would hesitate to set forth from their fires in all this wind and sleet. It is known to scholars from its first line, *Is acher in gaith in-nocht*, and reads as follows:

Fierce is the wind tonight;
It harries the sea's hair white:
But I fear not on this night of storm
The Norseman's shielded, sworded swarm.

Swift went down into the darkness mumbling
his defiance in a mighty growl of temper. The lines
carved upon the slab above the bald head, on which
the crotchety night-cap sat better than the Dean's
hat, are in lapidary Latin, but Yeats has rendered
them passing well:

Swift has salled into his rest;
Savage indignation there
Cannot lacerate his breast.
Imitate him if you dare,
World-besotted traveler; he
Served human liberty.

Yeats' own epitaph, written September 4, 1938,
may owe somewhat to conscious imitation; but the
temper comes out of the two eternities of race and
soul. The old poet, bred in the Protestant garrison
with Douglas Hyde, bade his images go neither "to
Moscow or to Rome," but the angry centuries spoke
in him all the same:

Under bare Ben Bulbin's head
In Drumcliff churchyard Yeats is laid.
An ancestor was rector there
Long years ago, a church stands near,
By the road an ancient cross.
No marble, no conventional phrase;
On limestone quarried near the spot
By his command these words are cut:

*Cast a cold eye
On life, on death.
Horseman, pass by!*

Though the true Irish poet carries from his
mother's womb a "fanatic heart," though his lips
flash out a song about "money is good and a girl
might be better, but good strong blows are a de-
light to the mind," like as not his randy thoughts
will be phrased in a manner that deliberately plays
down the intensity of his emotion, that is almost
the direct antithesis of poetic expression; the reins
are held taut, the chargers are motionless; only
the merest twitch of a flannel-red nostril betrays
their mettle. One is familiar with the sort of thing
I mean in the gnomic aphorisms of Emily Dick-
inson; and, in a sense, the Amherst spinster's
decorous, dock-tailed palfrey is a good match for
Yeats' tall Irish hunter, or the slim fetlocks of
the English Metaphysicals. Perhaps the Old Irish
poem, *Messe ocus Pangur ban*, which I have elect-
ed to translate as an archetype of this frozen tur-
moil is not the best possible choice to point the
mood I have in mind, but the manner is there, if
I can catch it in this rendering:

I and my cat, Pangur white,
Each accordant to his light;
His mind is on his hunting-art;
Mine keen upon my book apart.

I love repose better than glory,
My little page, my clerestory;
White Pangur does not envy me;
He tries his tricks of rapparee.

When we are alone at night,
In our cell by our rush-light;
Then we play our endless games—
But our sports have different names.

In his paw's soft web somehow
Sticks a mouse, prey to his guile;
As for me, sometimes my line
Hooks a dictum plump and fine.

He fixes on the cloister-wall
His full bright swimming cat's eye-ball;
I fix on the parchment dry
My dim monkish clear mind's eye.

Happy he in his quick flesh
When a mouse falls in his mesh;
Happy I when problem set
Yields its cunning to my net.

Though we toil thus every day,
Neither gets in other's way;
Each sufficient to his art,
Each delights his inner heart.

Pangur's master of his lore,
Mice he captures by the score;
Scholia I do not shirk;
Folia are all my work.

Pangur's monkish master was obviously a happy
man. Yeats in his latter days, the latter days of the
Last Poems, was just as obviously not; he had out-
lived his friends, and on his own confession, only
"lust and rage" were left to dance attention upon
his old age. But there is something in the stripped
imagery of his bitterness, which is strangely sim-
ilar to the candle-lit contentment of the monk's.
His mind is a sanded anchorite's cell; there is a
fierce, defiant, inhuman chastity in it, the sterile
chastity of the East, mitigated at times, by an
antic Rabelaisianism.

His *An Acre of Grass*, to be quoted immediately
in the lines that follow, lets one see in Yeats' mind
that Druid Geometry, from which the Divine Hu-
manity rescued the Irish race 1,600 years ago in
Focluit wood.

Picture and book remain,
An acre of green grass
For air and exercise,
Now strength of body goes;
Midnight, an old house
Where nothing stirs but a mouse.

My temptation is quiet.
Here at life's end
Neither loose imagination,
Nor the mill of the mind
Consuming its rag and bone,
Can make the truth known.

Grant me an old man's frenzy,
Myself must I remake
Till I am Timon and Lear
Or that William Blake
Who beat upon the wall
Till Truth obeyed his call;

A mind Michael Angelo knew
That can pierce the clouds,
Or inspired by frenzy
Shake the dead in their shrouds;
Forgotten else by mankind
An old man's eagle mind.

But he is an Irishman! God be merciful to the
eagle mind that once had room in it for the good
priest Peter Gilligan!

(Quotations from Yeats are from his poems and
plays, published by the Macmillan Company, and
are used with permission.)

BOOKS

TOBACCO ROAD NOW LEADS TO IGLOOS

KABLOONA. By *Gontran de Poncins, in Collaboration with Lewis Galantière.* Reynal and Hitchcock. \$3

ANOTHER book on the Esquimo is placed before the American public by another author who escaped the debacle of modern paganistic civilization and sought other escapists of the earlier paganistic civilizations of Asia. These latter we call Esquimaux or "eaters of raw meat," although they are known among themselves as "Innuits" or *homines*—human beings. Good pen sketches, a few good photographs, and a particularly excellent account of the ascetic life and philosophy of an heroic Oblate Missionary stand out in sharp and laudable contrast to too much of the "Tobacco Road" aspect of the Esquimos popular with many modern authors. Explorers and authors find what they are looking for. If it happens to be filth and degeneracy they should stay at home where they can revel in it. In the notable author's own Paris one can find either the historic beauties and more ennobling things to describe, or the crime, moronic degeneracy, corrupt paganism and worse.

It is amusing to find the author damning with faint praise the Alaskan Esquimos he passingly referred to "who carved souvenirs for tourists." The reference is correct, but at least in the tribe of 200 King Islanders he could find more pure blooded Innuits than in the score of Esquimos in all that he generalized about in the Pelly Bay region in Canada.

Whereas Vicomte Gontran de Montaigne de Poncins does his best to record faithfully what he experienced in a fifteen-month trip to Northern Canada, the danger of a book like *Kabloona* is that it heightens the current erroneous impressions among uninformed people that all Esquimos are murderous and lustful, that all Esquimos are wife traders, that all Esquimos live in igloos. This is partially true of many Canadian Esquimos, but as a generic picture of all Esquimos is as erroneous as the statement that the Joads give a generic picture of America and Americans.

The most interesting point in M. de Poncins' book was the recognition of many of the native words used. They are identical with the words that are spoken from Siberia through Alaska and Canada to Greenland, proving the Esquimos to be an unilingual Tartar-Mongol tribe, probably the refugees of the Kubla Khan debacle of the thirteenth century.

BERNARD R. HUBBARD

BRILLIANT SPOTLIGHT ON THE DARK CONTINENT

BEHIND GOD'S BACK. By *Negley Farson.* Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.50

CONFUSION is the impression that will remain with you when you close this book, and therefore it is a good book on the subject. For Africa is a confusing place, and Mr. Farson does not simplify and so distort the picture. He wades into the problem, and in sincerely written and at times even beautiful prose, comes so well to grips with his matter, that though he does not give an impossibly unified impression, he does send you away with a definite "feel" for the sprawling, mysterious Continent, for its natives and colonists.

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experiences in South Africa, the really incredible journey that the author and his wife made in a venerable old Ford from Dar es Salaam, in Tanganyika on the east coast, through Kenya, Uganda, the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, to Duala in the French Cameroons, and thence by boat to the Gold Coast. In this long trek, Mr. Farson took every opportunity to study the native types, the colonial policies, the economic and racial problems, the influence of Nazism, the work of the missionaries. The conclusions drawn may not be the judgment of an expert in all these fields, but they are temperate and well considered, and vastly informative. In only one instance does a little venom enter in, and it is pathetic now that we know more of the circumstances. This is in his bitter references of France's "betrayal" of England.

His evaluation of the various colonial policies is extremely keen. He judges that the English are in theory, and in the practice of individual administrators, most idealistic in their treatment of the native, but that this rather nebulous good-heartedness is vitiated by incompetence and ignorance in Whitehall. Contrasted with this is the French and Belgian attitude, which he finds cynical, regarding the native merely as so much manpower, but actually working out humanely and progressively for the development of native talent. Throughout the book runs the constant note of insistence on the intelligence and abilities of the African, and of the short-sightedness of forcing him onto the treadmill of Western "progress."

There is a splendidly done chapter on the work of the White Fathers in the Congo, who "made him suspect that belief can be the greatest of all experiences." And one of his last impressions of the Dark Continent was that of a *Soeur Blanche*, marshalling a procession of native children: "She is obviously a woman of breeding. . . . She handles the children with loving-kindness, and laughs as she tries to rally their straggling ranks. In the midst of that appalling dreariness she even manages to be gay. I shall never forget her."

There are lion and elephant hunts, glimpses of native life and customs, some of them cruel and barbaric, of subhuman and highly civilized tribes, visits and discussions with the local Fuehrers in German settlements, strange and odd characters by the dozens, statistics, speeches, and above all, life and human interest and a love for justice and fair play, all seen by a keen eye and written down by a vividly entertaining pen.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

AN EARLIER FUEHRER DREAMED OF DOMINION

THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S. By Taylor Caldwell.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

THE lust of one man for domination of the world is not a phenomenon of our own day alone. The ruthless Alexander and Caesar each had a brief interval in the limelight of conquest. Later, and not less tyrannical, came Temujin, first-born son of the chief of the Yakka Mongols, better known to us from history as Genghis Khan, the god of the Gobi.

This titan of the tenth century is the chief figure in an absorbing narrative by the popular author of *Dynasty of Death* and *The Eagles Gather*. Indeed, the thoughtful reader may find many a moral in this story of an illiterate barbarian whose use of the blitzkrieg made him the greatest figure of his age. By comparison, the leaders of modern Germany and Russia pale into insignificance, for Temujin also believed in the psychological force of terror. "When a people is united, then its will can be forced upon weaker and inferior peoples oftentimes without war, and many times by mere intimidation and terror. . . . Confuse a people in their own midst, and thou shalt take them without a blow."

So, as a petty chieftain of a small band of nomads, Temujin began his campaign to own the world. At first he contented himself with small conquests of peaceful agricultural peoples who had done him no harm. Eventually the faith he had in himself led him to become the unquestioned leader of the barbarian hordes who dwelt upon the barrens and steppes of Asia. But this success only made his fierce eyes glow with still more greed, and his unnatural desire for power stretched out to the East, to the Great Wall of China, to the West, where dwelt the unknown peoples of Europe.

Miss Caldwell uses a fierce and colorful prose to tell this story of a forgotten Fuehrer, whose motto from childhood was: "I alone matter." Here are savage battles, intrigues, the lust and decadence of pagan empires. Bitter hatreds and beautiful loyalties figure in this vital adventure-tale of a brave but misguided man who sought power at any cost. In the light of present-day happenings, the meteor-like career of Genghis Khan, with its ultimate dissolution in oblivion, should give cause for much somber reflection. **MARY FABYAN WINDEATT**

WORKERS BEFORE AND AFTER LENIN. By *Manya Gordon*. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$4

THIS is a book which students of Russian affairs have long been seeking. To an incredible extent Bolsheviks have created the legend that the history of Russian labor began with the Bolshevik Revolution; that the story of the Russian worker before that time was one long narrative of unmitigated degradation and gloom; and that its history since then has been a record of a triumphal march toward the millennium. The Trotskyists, of course, switch off on a branch line as to proposal number three; but none would dare question for an instant the first and second of these assertions.

Manya Gordon (wife of the genial columnist of the *Topics of the Times* in the *New York Times*) writes of Russian workers from the inside. Hers is no scattered web of confusing cross currents and personalities, but a straight development of a single thesis, that starts with the Tsarist labor laws of 1897 and ends with the present day. It is a convincing antidote to the myths recounted by Hewlett Johnson.

Even repressive maneuvers of the autocracy after 1905 could not stop the advance of the workers. "After the revolution of 1905 the 11½-hour day rapidly disappeared." In all the large industries the average working day was not more than ten hours; within eight years, from 1897 to 1905, it had been reduced an hour and a half." In the Soviet days, Tomskey's removal by Stalin was only a prelude to the ever increasing subjugation of labor, the "transfer from people to machines," as the author trenchantly calls it. Relentlessly she pursues her theme through each phase of the worker's existence: money-wages and real wages; speed-ups; housing, textiles, rest days, women and maternity, social insurance and pensions, health, etc. Her sources for facts and figures are Soviet sources, prolific and official. Her conclusion is the belief that the Russian people possess an inexhaustible energy and power of resistance, that will enable them ultimately to regain their freedom.

JOHN LAFARGE

THE MONGOL EMPIRE. By *Michael Prawdin*. Translated by *Eden and Cedar Paul*. The Macmillan Co. \$5
READERS of DeQuincey are introduced to the wild and mysterious nomad tribes who roamed and fought on the steppes, plains and deserts of Asia and adjacent Russia. But DeQuincey was no historian, and he leaves so much unexplained that the acquaintance is disturbing rather than satisfying. There was need, therefore, of a study and appraisal of these peoples such as the volume under consideration.

The Mongol Empire, a book of close to six hundred pages, is based on research in Mongolian, Chinese, Moslem and Armenian sources, supplemented by the reading of secondary works in various languages.

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sect of the assassins, we accompany the Tartars and the Golden Horde in their travels and exploits, and so we come to know Kubla Khan, Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. Here, too, we observe the meteoric rise to world power of the Mongol people and their no less astonishing fall into oblivion; and we study in considerable detail the impact on Europe of this mightiest onslaught of nomads upon the civilized world, the terror it inspired, the ruin it created.

Appearing in 1938 in German, although the work of a Russian scholar, this volume attracted so much attention that it has been translated into the principal European languages, and into Japanese as well. The reading and enjoyment of the book is greatly facilitated by including, in addition to an index, a genealogical tree of Genghis Khan and his descendants, a chronological table, a catalog of the principal persons mentioned in the text, and two maps of the far-reaching Mongol Empire.

CHARLES H. METZGER

THE VANDERBILT LEGEND. By Wayne Andrews. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3.50.

IN this singularly depressing volume, the reader will find no story of saints and sages, but an unrelieved narrative of oppression of labor, money-grubbing and divorce. William H. Vanderbilt, son of the Cornelius who founded the family fortune, always denied the phrase attributed to him, "the public be damned," yet it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the man's business policy was expressed in the words which he never denied explicitly, "when we make a move, we do it because it is our interest to do so, not because we expect to do somebody else some good." By fidelity to this policy, he doubled his inheritance of \$100,000,000. As far as the present record discloses, he had no sense of his obligation to use his great wealth to contribute to the common good, yet it must be said that in this he failed no more notably than most of the other wealthy men of his day. But Mammon is and will ever be the least erected spirit.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOT BY ARMS ALONE. By Hans Kohn. Harvard University Press. \$1.75

THE valuable part of this book, by a Professor of Modern European History at Smith College, is the first chapter, which discusses *The Totalitarian Philosophy of War*, that tortuous reasoning by which war is looked upon as the "supreme moment of life." Quotations from German and Italian sources make clear that the Axis Powers have a viciously forthright purpose in the present struggle, which is diametrically opposed to the ideals of Western civilization.

The other rather disconnected papers that follow deal with academic freedom, the problem of Central Europe, and with advice on the education needed for the present crisis. There is a wealth of erudition and wide reading manifest in them all, but many a viewpoint that must give us pause. So, for example, when we read that the teacher "should put his whole individuality into his teaching with no guide but his individual conscience," we recognize that rationalistic distrust of authority that is in no small measure responsible for the very evils it would solve. So, again, when we find the Hussites lauded as the sowers of the germ-seed of democracy, we must demur.

We perceive more subtly in this book what was evident in Lewis Mumford's *Faith for Living*, such a deep hatred of Fascism that all authoritarian organizations become at once suspect of being tinged with it. This is particularly true when the organization happens to be the Church. The fact, however, that the Hussites rebelled against the authority of the Church by no means proves that the Church is Fascist, and the rebels, argal, Democrats.

The education advocated to solve the problems is one in which the issues at stake will be clearly understood. With that we agree, but the understanding will entail a reading of history different from the author's.

DONALD G. GWYNN

ART

THE Catholic ritual is specifically the art of the Church. Twenty centuries have enriched this magnificent art which has been developed around a central theme, the Eucharistic Presence. Separated from this sacred content, the ritual would cease to be a living art, for art is dependent on an inner content for its vitality. What is normally called Catholic art, in architecture, painting, sculpture and the crafts, emanated from cultures derived from Catholic belief rather than from religion itself. When a particular culture declined, as in the case of the Byzantine or Medieval, the art that accompanied it died. In contrast, the ritual is a direct creation of the Church in her sacramental, rather than cultural, aspect and therefore more completely merits the designation of Catholic.

This distinction was very much in my mind after observing the resplendent, liturgical beauty of the ceremonies connected with the consecration of Bishop Magner in Chicago. Later it was given further emphasis by a fresh inspection of the permanent collection of Spanish, pre-Renaissance paintings, which I passed on my way to the Goya exhibition, in the Chicago Art Institute. The ritual of the Bishop's consecration is inseparable from the Church that created it. In contrast, these pre-Renaissance paintings are examples of a religious art that grew up around the Church at one period of her existence. They were produced during the time of a well unified, Catholic culture and this gave them a vital religious content integral with the form.

The art of Goya, however, represents something very different. This great Spanish painter and etcher was the product of a period that was influenced by Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopedists, and he lived through the time of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Era. It was a time of disintegration for Catholic culture and this disintegration is reflected in the character of his religious paintings. These show the less fortunate result of an exterior or detached approach to the sacred material, as if it were something mentally comprehended but with which the artist lacked a fullness of accord. It may be noted that this exterior approach is apparent in the religious paintings of Delacroix and Manet.

As Goya was a product of the "Enlightenment," his work shows a general response to literary influences. This, coupled with a type of moralizing in his etchings, links him with his predecessor, Hogarth, and to some extent with Daumier, who followed him. The prevalent concern with ideas of purely human betterment explains the emphasis given to the natural virtues in these etchings and aquatints. They are devoted to illustrating the advantages of virtue and the unhappy results of cruelty, superstition and general viciousness. His is not an art of spiritual aspiration. It is, however, the expression of a very healthy-minded being who drew and painted with clarity of vision and with a splendid command of his media.

This command is demonstrated in the numerous portraits in oil in the exhibition. These were executed during an approximate period of fifty years and show progress from a tentative, but individual handling of lighting and brush work, to the splendor of his painting style at its maturity. The pictures are vigorous, alive renderings of distinctly indicated personalities. The painting in many instances is superb and in the best examples is characterized by the achievement of encompassing the features in light. Goya's accomplishment of this last result sets him apart from his contemporaries and this, together with his tonal simplifications in painting and his use of a unifying play of light through the picture-compositions, created an epochal precedent to which later painters, such as Renoir, Whistler and the Impressionists generally, were indebted.

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reviewed in the weeklies.

Of last-season holdovers forging ahead into this Spring
season, and still going strong, notable plays are
Life with Father, *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and
Hellzapoppin. Of brilliant successes of this season, many
of which should be with us all summer, we must mention
The Corn Is Green, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *George Wash-
ington Slept Here*, *Mr. and Mrs. North*, *My Sister Eileen*,
Old Acquaintance and *Claudia*, among the plays. The
most popular offerings among the current revues are
Lady in the Dark, *Pal Joey*, *Panama Hattie*, *Louisiana
Purchase* and *Meet the People*. Ed Wynn's revue, *Boys
and Girls Together*, has recently closed, and so has *Cabin
in the Sky*. *Charley's Aunt* is still with us.

One of the surprises of the winter has been the con-
tinued success of *Meet the People*, a gay little revue put
on by the Hollywood Theatre Alliance at the Mansfield
Theatre quite early in the autumn. It was received with
interest, pleasant indulgence and kind words. It sur-
prised its first night reviewers, and even the more op-
timistic second night group, by lasting through the sea-
son. There is now a good chance that it will hold out
through the Spring and into the summer. Its success
deserves more than passing comment. Opening in Holly-
wood a year and a half ago, it lingered briefly in San
Francisco and Chicago on its way east. Since its arrival
in New York, it has given Broadway its clearest and
best idea of what the Federal Theatre people can do.

One thing this revue can certainly do is to please its
general audiences more than it pleased its first night
critics. Another thing it can do is to add constantly to
its popularity, and to bring many persons into the Mans-
field to see it three or four times. That is an achievement
in these days.

The revue consists of two acts and thirty scenes. An
amazing number of sketches, lyrics and music were con-
tributed by a small number of clever young people. The
entire production was staged by Danny Dare, and the
settings were designed by Frederick Stover. A good idea
of its current appeal is given by the comment on the
program. "Any similarity between the order of the pro-
gram and what you see on the stage is purely acciden-
tal."

After this warning, every audience of the season has
settled back to a pretty good time, which included the
enjoyment of such features as "The Stars Remain,"
"Union Label," Elizabeth Talbot-Martin's imitations,
Jack Williams' tap dances, "Hurdy Gurdy Verdi," "The
Same Old South," "How Movies Are Made," "A Fellow
and a Girl," "No Lookin' Back," "Fancy Footwork," "Its
Quite All Right," and "Elmer's Wedding Day."

All these are so good that it is hard to choose the best
among them. The lyrics by Henry Myers and the music
by J. Gorney are excellent, and the sketches directed by
Mortimer Offner have a gratifying snap.

But when all is said and done the success of *Meet the
People* lies in the direct appeal the young people on the
stage have for the audience, and the good feeling that
develops between the two groups. The audience has
known in advance that most of the members of the
company were originally clever amateurs, getting their
training through the Federal Theatre Group. It also
knows that they have shown amazing patience, courage
and ability. They deserve their success; and everyone is
glad to help them enjoy it.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

MEET JOHN DOE. Frank Capra is unique among the political prophets of Hollywood in that his present film is primarily entertainment and only by the way a discussion of democracy. But, although the threat of dictatorship which he incorporates into his romance is real enough, his identification of it with a spellbinding millionaire using a symbolic common man for bait is more popular than profound. Either cupidity or stupidity must be added to the essential notes of his John Doe to make such a program credible. In the face of the forward sweep of Government control, Mr. Capra's fear of an absolutist newspaper publisher is rather naive, and one is inclined to get no more excited over this plutocratic threat than the professional liberals, including those of Hollywood, got over the demonstrated proletarian threat. The story involves an ex-baseball player, down on his luck, who is exploited as John Doe, the true American, to boost the circulation of a fading newspaper. Public interest makes him a symbol and an ambitious publisher uses him to organize a Fascist following. When he rebels, obscurity closes in and he decides to carry out the suicide threat which started the whole publicity campaign. He is saved only when a girl reporter convinces him of the importance of the John Does of the ages. The suicide idea is certainly an unfortunate stroke in the portrait of the Average American. The film is directed with a wealth of human sympathy, and only in pointing its thesis does it lose the common touch. Gary Cooper is his shy, inarticulate self and Barbara Stanwyck a voluble foil, with Walter Brennan, Edward Arnold and James Gleason lending excellent support. This is interesting fare for adults. (Warner)

ADAM HAD FOUR SONS. The vicissitudes of an American family are traced in relation to its times in this realistic study which has the distinction of upholding the dignity of the home in a day when that institution has degenerated into a social convenience. Gregory Ratoff has managed to accumulate human interest during the telling of the rambling story. The family is impoverished by the panic of 1907, and beset by the death of the mother. With the aid of a sympathetic governess, the father carries on and is able to rehabilitate the broken sons who return to him from the World War, finally overcoming the disruptive influence of an unworthy daughter-in-law. Ingrid Bergman dominates the picture with her restrained characterization of the governess, and Warner Baxter, Susan Hayward and Helen Westley are good in an adult film. (Columbia)

A GIRL, A GUY AND A GOB. A screen tradition is smashed in this lightweight entertainment which introduces a triangle without tragedy and a heroine who has the rare good sense to change her mind before rather than after marrying the wrong man. Lucille Ball is the secretary who discovers that she is in love with her wealthy employer rather than her sailor fiancé, and the latter in turn decides in favor of freedom. George Murphy is ingratiating as the volatile suitor and Edmond O'Brien does well as the boss. This is good family amusement. (RKO)

THAT NIGHT IN RIO. This is a vaudeville endeavor which could have been left unfilmed without causing diplomatic repercussions in Brazil. Aside from a few instances of technicolor inflation, the production is flat enough, unwinding a hesitant story of boudoir intrigue involving a baron and his double, and giving Don Ameche, Alice Faye and S. Z. Sakall small chance to rise above their silly and suggestive material. This is poor, even for a musical comedy. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

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EVENTS

LOOEY and Bill, taxi drivers, were sitting in Bill's cab. Bill: Say, why do fares think taxi drivers got all the inside dope? You'd think I'm father of the Quiz kids the way they ask me questions.

Looley: Me, too. An' you gotta stall 'em along.

Bill (adjusting his glasses and beginning to glance at an early morning paper. He starts at the sports section, moves gradually to the front pages): Di Maggio's signed. Looley: So I heard.

Bill (arriving at the editorials): Dies says the Commies and Nazis are behind all these here strikes.

Looley: The Commy cowboy over there (pointing to a newsstand) says there'll be a revolution if we get in the war.

Bill: A guy in the cab this afternoon says: "Are we in the war. What do you think?" I says: "Some says we are, some says we ain't?"

Looley: That's just it—are we in or ain't we in? If I'm in a war, I wanta know it. I don't like to go around askin' myself: Am I in a war or ain't I in a war?

Bill: So then the guy says: "Well, what do you think?" I says: "I think we're in between short-of-war and war."

Looley: Where's that?

Bill: You're askin' me? (Turning a page). Here's a seventeen-year-old girl goes to a high school where they learn her in a homemaking course. So what? So she begins to hate the furniture in her house and she sets the place on fire on her hard-workin' pa and ma.

Looley: There's somethin' wrong with the schools when they turn a girl against her own furniture. After all, burnin' a place down ain't no kind of homemaking.

Bill: A priest tells me the other day the schools don't teach the kids about God any more. He says that's the whole trouble. Say, here's one. It's about a matador.

Looley: A what?

Bill: A guy that kills bulls in Mexico. He's in the bull ring an' 30,000 fans are lookin' on. He sticks a sword in the bull nine times and the bull don't die. It's a disgrace for him. The fans give the Bronx cheer an' threaten his life. He feels awful.

Looley: He feels awful. What about the bull?

Bill: It don't say how the bull feels.

Looley: I'd rather be him than the bull. He didn't have no sword stuck in him nine times like the bull did.

Bill: An' the Mexican gov'ment passes a law, givin' a bullfighter fifteen days in the hoosegow each time he don't kill a bull, an' fines him 5,000 pesos.

Looley: That don't sound right. Suppose they put ball players in the clink each time they don't sock the ball.

Bill: It mightn't be a bad idea, but it ain't practical. They'd have to build too many new jails (turning another page).

Say, here's a piece says war headlines are causing more auto accidents. A driver tears past a red light and smashes into another car. What's his excuse? He says his eye is on the road but his mind is on the Balkans.

Looley: Drivers oughta keep their minds off the Balkans.

Bill: Get a load of this. A newspaper writes a guy his subscription expires March 22. The guy writes back: "If you read your paper closer, you'd know I'm goin' to be hung March 21." So he refuses to subscribe again.

Looley: Which would you rather be, hung or shot?

Bill: I think I'd rather be hung, but I ain't sure. (A fare approaches, gets into Bill's cab. Looley steps out. As the car begins to move, the passenger settles comfortably against the back cushion, and asks): "Well, are we in the war or not?"

Bill: I think we're in between short-of-war and war.

Passenger: What's going to happen in the Balkans?

Bill: I'm afraid things'll bust up there. (He looks grimly before him, determined to keep his mind off the Balkans.)

THE PARADER